THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA.

Vol. 67. PUBLICATION OFFICE No. 725 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1888. $2.50 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. FIVE CENTS A COPY. No. 35

OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY.

BY BRINTON.

"Over the hills and far away,"
You think is where you would like to be,
Beyond the dulness of every day—
Beyond the rim of monotony:
Free and unbounded to skim and soar,
Far and unfettered to fleet and fly,
Where the clouds are silvered for evermore,
And the soul can float in a golden sky.

"Over the hills"—but, fond heart, mind
You take yourself with you all the way:
You cannot sever or leave behind
The ache that is aching every day—
The ruffled spirit, the broken will,
The throbbing feeling, the smitten pride:
And the clouds will be lined with silver still;
No one ever looked on the other side.

From Out the Storm.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DICK'S SWEETHEART," ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

HE stared at her for some moments in undisguised amazement, hardly knowing what to say or think; and then suddenly the meaning of her words struck him. If he were to marry her!

The events of the past few weeks recurred to him, and swiftly, in imagination, he passed again through the scenes that he would have been only too glad to forget. First he saw the pale beautiful face of Lady Mary calmly and serenely awaiting the approach of death. Again he heard her entreating him in gentle accents to befriend the lonely child she had loved and reared, while her face was upturned to him with a look of ineffable love in her soft, pleading eyes. And then there came before him that other face, with an expression of fiendish mockery, and the beautiful eyes, as the lips he had once kissed proclaimed to him that solution of the problem which so perplexed him.

Marry her—such was the advice given to him. Well, how if he obeyed her in this, as he had in all things during their brief acquaintance? His heart beat with a fierce joy as he thought of how she would look when she first heard of it. To be so soon forgotten—that would touch her, the more so as she had always been jealous of the child. It would be a sweet revenge.

Why, if he hastened matters, he might so manage as to be married before her! She should not think of him for long as a despondent lover wounded to death; she should see the announcement of his marriage, the actual accomplished fact, in all the newspapers, as he had seen that *on dit* about hers that morning.

Then he became calmer, as his thoughts went back again to Lady Mary, and he remembered his promise to her. How could he better fulfil that promise than in this strange way that Marvel in her innocence had presented to him? She would have the sure protection of his name, and at his death everything that he possessed would be hers.

As for the child herself, it was her own wish; and she would certainly fret and pine away if left alone in the huge silent house. And he would be her friend for life—that he swore to himself. She should be first with him in all things—at least such things over which he had power; to love again as he had—nay, as he did love (he would at all events be honest with himself)—was beyond him. By adopting this plan all fears for her future would be at an end.

It helped him too in his growing decision to know that Lady Mary, if living, would have given her sanction to the match. Some words of hers recurred to him, and he repeated them over and over again to himself:

"Enveloped in mystery as is her birth, I should, nevertheless, look upon the man who wins her heart as a very fortunate individual."

He looked suddenly at Marvel, and the sight of her hastened his decision; she was sitting on a low seat, her head drooping, her fingers interlaced, with an expression of deepest melancholy upon her childish face. He went over to her, and, leaning upon the back of her chair, said deliberately:

"You think if I were to—that is, if you were to marry me, it would arrange matters and make you happier? So be it then?"

She drew her breath quickly, but said nothing.

"Will you?" he asked.

"Would it"—raising her anxious eyes to his—"would it mean that you would take me with you when you go abroad for ever?"

"Certainly. That is exactly what it would mean"—no more he thought.

"Then I will," she said solemnly.

She looked at him earnestly, and, as she looked, the grave expression on her face died away, and a smile began to part her lips. A moment later the last remnant of her grief and fear had vanished as a snowflake melts before the embrace of the warm sun.

"Is it true? Is it real?" she cried. "Shall I indeed go with you? Oh, Fulke, when you spoke of going for ever, my heart felt as if it must break! And it would have broken; I could not have lived on here alone—I should have died! I have no one—no one but you; and now I shall have you always—always—oh!"

She ran to him in a little ecstasy of delight, threw her arms around him, and gave him a grateful hug.

"And there is one thing," she went on presently, leaning back from him the better to look into his face and mark the effect of her words—"I sha'n't be a bit of trouble to you—not a bit—you shall see! I'll be as good as gold, and never in the way."

"Do you think you can be ready in a hurry?" asked he, filled now with his own desire to quit England and the woman who had deceived him. "At once, I mean—in a real hurry? Could you"—with some hesitation, feeling uncertain as to how she would take it—"could you marry me, say, to-morrow?"

"This minute, if you like," she said heartily. "What is there to prevent it?"

Such a joyous accession to his wishes astonished him more than anything Marvel had yet said. In such a hurry to be made a countess! But as he looked at her he knew that he wronged her, and that no mercenary or ambitious thought could enter her head.

"What, indeed?" he said, and then suddenly burst out laughing, for, in spite of himself, he could not help it.

Was there ever such a strange wooing—such a strange child? A child of seventeen. The people of his world would laugh if he described her to them—*she* had laughed! His brow darkened again as he remembered that.

"Still, we may as well give ourselves time to look about us," he said, "and arrange our affairs, and put them in order; and, whether we like it or not"—with another smile—"we shall have to wait for the yacht to come round here before we can start for our voyage round the world."

"Is it in the yacht we shall go?" she said, opening wide her delighted eyes.

"Yes; there is nothing like the sea; and, when once you are accustomed to it, and have had time to forget the first unpleasant feeling, you——"

"Oh; I know all about it!" she interrupted contemptuously, with a disdainful toss of the head. "Did you think I was a landcrab entirely? I know everything about the sea except"—with emphasis—"the unpleasantness. I am never sea-sick"—with a glance that implied her belief that he was sometimes, or else he would not know so much about it. "The Rector and I used to go out together very often last autumn; and one day, when there was a terrible sea on, and when every one—even the sailors—was a bit squeamish, and the poor rector was quite dreadfully ill, I"—proudly—"felt nothing but the sweet touch of the salt spray on my face, as the water washed right over me."

"That's right! Then you will enjoy yourself."

"And what clothes shall I take, Fulke—my winter ones, or my summer? It winter, I shall have to buy some, because I have nothing warm—that is"—with a sudden change to gravity—"in mourning. Shall we be going to cold places or to hot ones?"

"Both, in all probability; so bring all you can, and we can buy the others on our journey. I don't know myself where we are bound for—we shall wander away out into the world like two outcasts—anywhere and everywhere."

"It is like a fairy-tale," she said, in a hushed tone. "Oh, dear, darling Fulke, how kind of you to take me with you! And where shall we go?"

"Wherever our fancy guides us."

"'Our'? Shall I have a choice then?"

"The first if you wish it; so now decide."

"Athens?" she questioned, with an eager glance at him. "I have longed all my life to see Athens."

"Like all longings," he said slowly, "it will end in disappointment. The Athens of your dreams is, I imagine, very different from the Athens you will see when wide awake; however, one must be freed from illusions sooner or later. Begin with Athens; it will hurt you less, believe me, than the awakenings farther on in life's voyage."

"You speak sadly," she rejoined. "I shall not like to go to Athens if you don't. Name some other place."

"All places are alike to me—no, Athens let it be. At all events, the Mediterranean will not disappoint you. And now run away; there is much to be done—a special license to be procured."

"What's that?" she asked.

"Eh? Oh, a permit from her Majesty for our espousals!"

She did not see that he was laughing, and she grew quite solemn over the thought of her nuptials. It occurred to her, *en passant*, that the Queen must have a busy time of it, if she had to give leave to everybody who wanted to get married.

"You see it is a very important step you are about to take," continued Wriothesley, whose humor this morning was decidedly saturnine, so it was no wonder she did not grasp it. "I have to write an order to the skipper that he bring round the yacht, and see that it is properly victualled. There are several ladies' cabins on board, tolerably comfortable, so you need not worry about that. It will also be necessary to say a word or two to the rector; a little packing, I suppose, and then hey for your dilapidated Athens!"

He spoke as lightly as he could, for his brain seemed to be burning. She ran off to the door, bent on obeying him, though she would have dearly liked to stay and discuss the details of their voyage; but, when she reached the door, she paused, hesitated, and finally came back to him, rubbing her forefinger very slowly, in a pretty embarrassed fashion, across her rosy lips.

"Fulke," she said shamefacedly, not daring to look at him, "you—you won't change your mind when I am gone, will you? If ——"

She stopped abruptly.

"I shall not change my mind," he said; "but go on—what was that 'if' about?"

"If I thought you would, I should stay here"—naively.

"Be happy—I sha'n't!" he replied.

She went once more towards the door, and, having reached it, once more turned back. This time she came quite close to him, and slipped her cool slender fingers into his.

"Tell me," she said—"do husbands ever leave their wives? Can they?"

Was there ever so perplexing a child? Again he felt that strong inclination to laugh, but this time he suppressed it—she was looking so serious.

"Never!" he said, in so positive and emphatic a tone that she was satisfied.

She pondered his answer, however, for a moment or two, and then uttered a little exclamation of perfect content, and stirred her fingers in his, as if to remove them and go; but Wriothesley tightened his grasp on them, and so detained her.

"But," said he, "wives have been known to leave their husbands!"

He hardly knew why he said this, but he could not resist the desire to see how she would look when she heard it. If he expected an indignant disclaimer, however, he was disappointed.

"Have they? Why?" demanded she, with the utmost astonishment, but quite calmly, accepting what he had just said as loyally as she had the answer to her question.

"Who shall say?" returned he, not feeling equal to an explanation and, therefore, carefully avoiding it.

"Oh, it is too foolish!" she said at last. "I am sure you mean what you say, Fulke; but I think somebody has been deceiving you. After all, I dont believe a word of it—'tis a story. Just fancy my leaving you?"

* * * * * *

Mr. Bainbridge, the rector, was a tall, gaunt old man whose handsome head, although it was bowed down with age and study, was plentifully sprinkled with gray hairs. He had keen eyes and a strong mouth, which at times could be stern; and he walked with a staff. He was older even than he looked, and he had served his Master faithfully so long a time in this world that he believed himself to be standing almost on the brink of the next; he was tall and strong, however, in body, if rather tired in spirit. The turmoils of life and the loss of many friends had wearied him; and this last irreparable loss—the death of Lady Mary, who had been more to him than most—had given him an ever-growing desire to wing his way to that land where partings are unknown.

As Lord Wriothesley entered the cool study where the old man sat, the rector looked up at him with a prolonged stare of astonishment.

"Home again!" he said, when he had shaken hands with the young man, "I thought you were far from this, and was pleased to think so. I heard yesterday that you had returned to town, and I thought you would have remained there. The monotony of this calm country life can hardly be to the taste of a young man like you."

"You are thinking about Marvel," said Wriothesley simply, brushing aside the veil behind which the elder man would have hidden his real meaning—"so am I. What is to become of her is a question that has troubled me for many a day; but now I think I have found an answer to it. I am going abroad for a considerable time, and I am going to marry Marvel and take her with me."

Mr. Bainbridge made no immediate reply. He leaned back in his chair, put the tips of his fingers together with methodical precision, and took an exhaustive survey of Wriothesley, who bore the studied inspection with the utmost indifference. Finally the rector said:

"You really mean it then?"

"Certainly I mean it! I was never more in earnest about anything in my life. Why should you doubt it? I have spoken to Marvel, and she has agreed to throw in her lot with mine."

The old man, who was a keen student of human nature, noted that there was no touch of tenderness in either tone or words.

"Marvel is but a baby," he said.

"A very determined one, at all events. She made up her mind yesterday not be left behind when I started, and you see she has carried her point." He laughed, as though calling to memory some very amusing incident. "I have run down to you," he went on, "to arrange about the bell, book and candle part of the transaction. A special license will be necessary, as I am rather in a hurry to quit my native shores. Could it be managed by Thursday?"

"What—your going?"

"No, my marriage."

He spoke in a careless way that vexed the rector, whose affection for Marvel was deep and genuine.

"Why this extraordinary haste?" asked the old man.

"Well, it suits me" replied Wriothesley, as if further explanation was unnecessary. He did not notice that Mr. Bainbridge was evincing signs of deep concern.

"And Marvel? Does it suit her?"—sharply.

"Even more than me"—turning away from the window, and looking straight at the rector, with a smile upon his lips. "Why, my dear old friend, you need not be uneasy about that—I assure you I consulted her."

"I was wrong to doubt you. You were always a kind lad," said Mr. Bainbridge slowly. "But one thing I must say to you, Wriothesley—your heart is not in this."

"There you are at fault—my heart is unquestionably in it. I long like the veriest schoolboy for the moment in which I shall set sail."

"You avoid my real meaning. Your heart is not in this marriage, I should have said."

"You were always a croaker," retorted the younger man, with affectionate lightness. "But all your evil surmisings will not serve you here; I am not to be daunted by them. Do you know"—assuming a more confidential tone, "that it was Lady Mary's wish? and I myself think it to be the best way of settling everything. Marvel has no home, no name. I have no relatives to call me to account for a marriage that in all probability would be called by the world a *mesalliance*—you see how plainly I speak to you. I have looked all the facts in the face, have weighed everything, and tell you honestly I have no fears for myself, and few for her."

"I would you had more," said the rector.

"You think I do wrong in this matter?" said Wriothesley.

"I think you do not love her. Hear me patiently; 'tis an old man that speaks; and surely I have the right of an early friendship with you and that good woman, that saint that now is—Lady Mary to speak my mind freely and warn you when I see you bent on driving your life's barque upon the rocks! Just now you used the word 'homeless' with regard to Marvel. Do not marry her because you dread that for her. A home awaits her here; I am an old man; I love the child. I would gladly have such a daughter to tend my declining days. At my death all that I have shall be hers, a not very inconsiderable portion. Do not therefore sacrifice her youth for that reason."

"You speak as though I were about to do her some grievious injury," said Wriothesley warmly. "Nay, speak to her then. Has she, do you think, no voice in this decision?"

"That she loves you is plain. Who runs may read that simple tale," said the old man calmly. "But do you love her?"

"Twice you have asked me that question. Hear my answer then! Such love as you speak of is not mine to give; it is all over—gone past recalling!"

"Dead?" asked his inquisitor.

"Not dead—worse than that—hopelessly alive," said Wriothesley, growing very pale. "You see I am honest with you."

"But not with her, I see. And the love you speak of, it still lives—eh?"

"Even so, it cannot harm Marvel."

"There is another woman?"

"You go very far," said Wriothesley, his brow darkening. He bit his lip; then, as he met the full clear beautiful eyes of the man, his anger died away from him. "Say what you will to me," he said impetuously, "I will endure it. Yes, there is another, who spurned this love about which you so cruelly probe me. I offered it to her—full, entire—but she rejected it. There is therefore, as I said, no danger for Marvel."

"This other woman may change her mind," said Mr. Bainbridge slowly, and, looking at the handsome high-bred face before him, he could hardly believe that any woman could be unkind to the possessor of it, "and then——"

"She will not do that. She is to be married shortly; her marriage is arranged."

He turned abruptly, and stood looking out into, but not seeing, the brilliant little garden outside that was the rector's pride. The latter remained silent, saddened by the younger man's story, and for a few minutes no sound broke the soft stillness of the room. Presently Wriothesley spoke again, in a harsh and strained voice.

"Now you know all, and that I have done with such follies for ever!"

"You are too young a man to speak like that. Some day your love will wake again; and how if it should not awaken for your wife?"

"Ah, old raven, what would you say more?" cried Wriothesley, catching him by both arms and laughing grimly into his face. "Why not prognosticate rather that some day it will awaken for my wife?"

"Because I have lived long, too long," said the old man sadly, "and I have learned in my dreary pilgrimage that no man wakens to love for the thing he has. A woman might; a man never."

"You have forgotten one thing, that there are exceptions to all rules. Let my case be one, or rather believe what is indeed the most likely thing, that I have done with that foolish fever called love, and that I shall be faithful to Marvel for ever. Come, trust me; I shall be her friend always."

"Her husband, you mean," drily. "Well, as you have so arranged it between you, so let it be. Providence ordains all things, and who am I that I should dare to step in and seek to turn aside the brilliant destiny you offer her? Yet one last word"—he drew nearer, and laid his thin right hand upon Wriothesley's shoulder—"remember she is as ignorant of all things evil as a child. Guard her; cherish her. The sin, the sorrow, the suffering of the world are alike unknown to her. You are taking a pure sweet soul into your keeping, Wriothesley; see that you preserve it so."

* * * * * *

As for Marvel, she was intensely happy during those few days before her marriage. She was enchanted with every arrangement made for the strange voyage, and ran hither and thither, carrying needless little messages for Wriothesley, whom she drove to the verge of irritability twenty times a day.

She laughed, for almost the first time since Lady Mary's death, and chatted incessantly. Of course somebody should be told the glad news that she was not to be lonely any more, and that she was to go away with Lord Wriothesley in the pretty white-winged yacht. First she ran down to the rectory, arriving there soon after Wriothesley's visit, and was so full of her own story that she hardly noticed how gravely her old friend listened, and how little rapture he displayed. Then she told her nurse, and soon all the servants knew it. Their astonishment was great, yet it was a proof of the sweetness of her nature that no one grudged her the good fortune, so greatly had she endeared herself to them all.

Then came the wedding-morning. She rose early and went for a solitary stroll through the gardens and those parts of the grounds that had grown specially dear through fond associations. The clear ringing of a bell within the house warned her that time was flying; so, with many a farewell glance and sigh, and not without a few tears, she returned to her room.

There breakfast was served to her, and there she dressed herself in one of the simple white gowns that her auntie had so loved. After much hesitation she decided on putting aside even the black sash for this one day and wearing a white one. A faint recollection of having been told many years before that white in some countries was mourning returned to her and gave her some little consolation; but, in spite of all that, the discarding of the black sash troubled her.

Her mind was full of Lady Mary on this her marriage day. In some strange occult way she seemed to be very near to her. When her toilette was quite completed, she dismissed her maid, and knelt down before a tall oaken chair and prayed fervently for a little while, that Fulke might be happy always, and she too, and good, and that he might always love her.

Tears trembled on her long lashes as she finished her earnest supplication, though she was neither nervous nor distrustful; and it appeared to her as if her auntie were waiting close beside her to carry her simple prayer to Heaven.

In the hall Fulke met her. She smiled at him and gave him her hand; and he—who was accustomed to her impetuous actions—felt some surprise, as she made no movement to offer him the customary kiss. Perhaps she forgot it. Certainly it was no new shyness, because it did not occur to her to be shy.

Together they walked through the glowing woods to the private chapel, whither Mrs. Cotter, the housekeeper, in her "best bib and tucker," had gone on before, that Marvel should not find herself without one of her own sex to support her there—"and that upon her weddin'-mornin', too—pore dear little pretty!"

Mr. Bainbridge, in full canonicals, met the bride and bridegroom at the church-porch. It was most irregular and scarcely orthodox; but he was so uneasy about Marvel that he could not refrain from getting a glimpse of her before the commencement of the ceremony.

He felt in a measure conscience-stricken. Had he done his duty? Should he not have put forth all his powers to prevent this marriage that instinct warned him would not be for her good?

Yet, when he saw her clad all in her bridal white, and when she raised her head and showed the sweet, unworldly, peaceful smile upon her lips, his fears and his remorse alike vanished; and it was in a clear and hopeful tone that he presently read the marriage-service.

Mrs. Cotter, in the family pew, shed many tears behind her lavender cotton gloves, and all the maids who had gained permission to attend sniffed audibly. Wriothesley himself looked pale, and there was a strange, unnatural gleam in his eyes; but Marvel stood calm and earnest, making the responses in a distinct voice, and listening to all the rector said with an air of solemnity and awe, not doubting or fearing, but simply as one learning her duty.

In the vestry-room she signed her name, "Marvel Craven," in her firm, beautiful handwriting, and afterwards she kissed the rector and then her husband.

"God bless you!" said Mr. Bainbridge fervently.

He appeared agitated, and wrung Wriothesley's hand, whispering to him in a low tone to "be good to her"—not so low, however, but that Marvel heard it; and she laughed gaily, and, patting his arm, asked him if he thought Fulke was an ogre.

Then Wriothesley asked the old man to return with them to the Towers, but he excused himself; and, indeed, little time was left to the bride and bridegroom to linger over their breakfast, as they were to go on board the yacht early in the afternoon, and there were yet those usual terrible last things to be seen to.

So Marvel and he went back alone to the house, walking through the woods as they had come, and into the hall, where Mrs. Cotter and most of the servants, men and women, were assembled to greet them.

"I wish you joy, my lady," said Mrs. Cotter, coming a little forward and dropping a low, respectful curtsey.

"Eh?" said Marvel softly, as if not understanding; and then—"'My lady!' How strange it sounds!"

She laughed rather nervously, and then tears came into her eyes. That had been her auntie's name! She thanked good old Mrs. Cotter, who loved her and comprehended that last thought—as indeed did all the servants. She placed both hands on the old woman's shoulders, and bent to her and pressed her fresh young cheek to the withered old face.

* * * * * *

They were standing in the library almost ready to start, when Wriothesley noticed the locket that Marvel wore round her neck. It was the same old battered ornament she had had on her on the night she had been rescued by him from the storm.

"How many years it is since I saw that," he said, touching it; "and what a mite you were then! You remember?"

"I remember that you saved me. Auntie told me always to keep this locket, as it might help me to find—to trace some one belonging to me. You know I have neither father, brother, nor sister," she said simply. "I have indeed no one—no one"—in a low tone—"but you!"

"Well, I shall be father and brother to you," he said kindly.

He thanked Heaven she did not ask for his love. That would have meant a thorough explanation, and one that now would be of no avail.

He felt as though he were in a dream, standing there with the girl—little more than a child—beside him who was in reality his wife. For a moment he was almost overcome by a horrible longing to undo it all—to escape from her—to be free once more; but it was too late!

He drew a deep breath, and compelled himself to return to the listless indifferent tone and manner which he had adopted ever since he had arranged his marriage. He despised himself for entertaining such thoughts. He doubly despised himself for the thought that had entered his mind at the sound of her last words—that he had indeed given the good old name to a girl who was herself nameless!

Marvel went on board the yacht still clad in the white gown. She had elected to wear it all through the day, and then to put it away and keep it ever sacred as her wedding-gown. So much she thought about her marriage, but little more. The real thing was that she was going to sail away with Fulke to summer seas and sunny lands.

She found that her own cabin was an exquisite little apartment, and that for her maid was scarcely less so. The captain—a bluff old sailor—received her as though she were a slim little princess; and before the sun sank behind the hills of her old home up went the anchor, and with many a musical "Yo-hoi" the Merry Maid bent to the evening breeze, and sailed away into the gathering mist like a winged spirit.

CHAPTER XIII.

IT was a charming morning, bright with sunshine, as the captain of the Merry Maid sighted Gibraltar; the world was three weeks older then than the eventful day when Marvel for the first time possessed a name. It had been three weeks of unalloyed enjoyment to her, not a shadow having darkened the days that fled all too swiftly.

She was with Fulke, and she was happy. Not that she saw much of him; but she was quite content with the knowledge that he was somewhere near; and she had early learned that she was not to be a "trouble to him"—which meant that she was not to break in upon his moods when he appeared silent and *distrait*. And he was very often so.

Each day found him more self-contained and, if disturbed, more irritable. At first he had conscientiously done his best to make her comfortable on board the yacht and to entertain her; he treated her always as an honored guest, and there were days of delicious sight-seeing for her, who had never until then seen anything but an English village, when they had stopped here and there on their way, putting into certain ports, and "doing" such sights as were to be seen. At each place he loaded her with trinkets or bric-a-brac of the choicest kinds; and she, like a delighted child, did not notice that the enjoyment was all on her side.

At Gibraltar they expected to receive any letters or papers that might have been forwarded to them; and Wriothesley, for two days before they reached it, could hardly restrain the cruel impatience with which he looked forward to the news that the society journals especially might contain.

He could see the paragraphs describing how Leonie looked as a bride—each dainty detail of her wedding-gown, the list of guests, the false flattering mention of the ancient groom.

It was all terrible to him, and the constant strain, the perpetual dwelling on the one subject, injured him both in mind and body; he grew pale and thin, filled as he was with an undying love for one woman, and an undying remorse for another, until at last the pretty laughing presence of Marvel grew insupportable to him.

Instinctively she felt this, but so vaguely that it hardly rendered her uneasy; but a desire to do something that should please him, that should win her a smile, incited her to be the first to receive the post when it arrived, and to carry it to him herself.

Wriothesley, who happened to be engaged at the moment, seeing her enter with a large packet and several letters and papers, changed color and went quickly to her with eagerly-extended hands. She gave him what she brought, looking shyly at him for a word of thanks; but none came. One last paper remained in her grasp.

"Here!" she said playfully, holding it out. "And how much for this, my lord?"

But he did not hear her, did not even see her; he had turned aside, and flinging himself into a chair, had torn the wrapper off the paper she had last given him; it was

the one he had been wanting for so long.

Marvel turned away with a sense of having been forgotten, and with a heightened color; she was only a child at heart, and she was in a degree offended.

He might have thanked her, she thought, for being the one to bring him that post for which he had so wearied; but he had thought of nothing but that stupid paper. She hoped she would never see a number of it again; she would always recollect the color of its cover.

Meantime Wriothesley with a rapid hand turned the pages. Here, there, he looked for the dreaded announcement, but as yet saw nothing. The small society paragraphs did not mention any fashionable wedding in which her name stood prominent. He had drawn a long breath of curious relief, and had just turned a fresh page half carelessly, when a heading in large letters caught his eye.

"SUDDEN DEATH OF THE DUKE OF DAWTRY."

He read it three or four times; and, having mastered it—rather a trouble to him, because of the shock to his brain—he went on quietly reading the rest of the article. Only a few words of it clung to him. "On the eve of his marriage." On the eve! She had not married him then! And now she was free—free! He half started from his seat, forgetting all things but that, and that he must go to her. Then memory returned in its full power; Marvel's face stood out before him, and with a groan he sank back again; then, leaning his arms upon the table, his head fell forward on them.

It was thus that Marvel found him an hour later. She had repented of her short-lived anger, and in a sweet penitent mood had come back to him. She saw at a glance that it was the paper she had given him that was lying open on the table before her. Something in his attitude frightened her, and she came quickly to his side.

"Fulke, what is it?" she asked nervously, laying her hand upon his shoulder.

He started, and looked up, withdrawing sharply from her touch as he did so; and she saw that his face was ghastly.

"Nothing," he said. "I beg you will not worry me now. It is nothing."

"Do not speak to me like that," she entreated, trembling. "Tell me your trouble; let me try to comfort you!"

He pushed back his chair, and rose to his feet. There was a terrible expression in his eyes as they rested on her.

"You," he said—"you to comfort me—you who have been my undoing! Go, I bid you—leave me; I must be alone!"

"You mean——" she began. She was shivering from head to foot; his manner was strange, so wild, that she was quite unnerved. "Fulke, speak to me!"

"What have I to say—what have you to hear—except that I would I had never seen you?" There was the bitter savagery of truth in his tone; but, when he had dealt the blow, he felt sobered. "There, forgive me! I hardly know what I say; I told you to go," he said, and then he waited, knowing yet hardly caring for her pain, so great was his own.

She paused for a moment, as if turned into stone, and then went softly out of the saloon.

She felt stunned, terrified; she crept slowly up the stairs to the deck, where the salt breeze blew upon her face and in a strange, vague way created in her a desire for tears; but she repressed them, and seeing a wicker-chair on her right hand, went to it, and sank down wearily amongst the cushions.

Her hands fell listlessly upon her lap, and she stared out seaward with strained eyes, to see nothing but a limitless ocean all around her, and, above, a cloudless sky. For the first time in her life the exquisite smiling beauty of nature seemed to her repellent. Oh, for clouds, for rain, for tempest, for anything save this heartless brilliance!

How had she offended him that he should look like that—what fault committed that he should say those dreadful words? He had said she was his "undoing." There was something surely; and it was in that paper—the paper which she had given him last!

Oh, how unfortunate she was that hers should have been the hand to wound! She knew instinctively that he was hurt past healing; but what was it?

She had never thought very seriously of her marriage; it had been to her only a delightful, a very lucky arrangement that had enabled her to go with him whithersoever he went, as it seemed she could not have done unless those few solemn words had been read over them by the rector; but now, to-day, as she sat there in sore distress, there came to her the knowledge that marriage with her meant that he could not marry another; and perhaps there was another—some one who——

She felt as though she were being suffocated. She grew very pale, and her fingers began to pluck nervously at her gown. If that was it—if she was in the way! The choking sensation rose still higher in her throat, and instinctively she put up one slender hand to it.

Surely there must be some way of undoing a marriage such as hers—loveless, undesired—nay, now detested! It should be done. Why, what was it, after all? A few words—no more! She would go to Fulke, and passionately appeal to him—she would let him know at once that he should be free—free as air—to go to that other.

She rose hurriedly, and then as suddenly reseated herself. No, it would not do to go now; he would think she was hurt, or offended, or angry. She would let a day or two go by, so that he should not guess all that was in her heart; and then she would entreat him to let her return home, and to annul this marriage that was so distasteful to him.

It was her first little bit of dissimulation, and somehow it hurt her. But how if it could not be undone? This thought was terrible to her; it must—it should! And, at all events, there was one thing positive, she would not stay with him now that she had grown hateful to him—she would not wait to see again that look which had darkened his face to-day. She could not; she assured herself that it would kill her.

She was trembling all over now, and feeling really ill. The captain had placed a shawl around her a little while before, because there was a sharp wind blowing, and one of the sailors had silently pushed a footstool beneath her feet; they were all devoted to her, from the captain to the cabin boy, and ready at any moment to do her loyal service.

She was so young, so merry, so joyous, she would run about amongst them all day, like an overgrown child, talking to them as though they were her equals, though yet with a certain sweet dignity that commanded their admiration.

She found out all about the men from themselves, as to who were married, and how many little children they had awaiting them at home; and she knew too of the sweethearts, and what each lad was going to take his lass from foreign parts; and there was not a man amongst them who did not follow her every movement on board the Merry Maid with a sense of honest pleasure and a simple worship of her.

On this day they saw that "some'at ailed my lady;" and indeed her poor little ladyship looked sad enough to provoke sympathy even in the hardest heart.

> "What a rich feast the canker grief has made!
> How has it sucked the roses of thy cheeks
> And drank the liquid crystals of thy eyes!"

When the tears rose to her eyes, however, she blinked them back again. No, she would not cry; such misery as hers was not to be consoled by a few drops wrung from her heart. Then suddenly anger grew within her gentle breast, and she told herself that it was unjust, unfair. That sorrow had come to him was no reason why he should look at her as though he loathed her.

Oh, yes; that was the word! The very sight of her had grown hideous to him. It was a shame—a shame! Then all at once her anger died from her. No, no; it was all her own fault; she had asked him to take her with him, and out of the goodness of his heart he had not found it possible to refuse; and now he was wretched, and it was all her fault—she who loved him had made him so.

Oh, if her auntie had but lived! She went down to her cabin, threw herself upon her bed, and cried herself into a severe headache.

It was a long day. Very slowly the early autumn shadows crept across the sea and evening descended. She had refused any luncheon from her maid; and, when, at the usual dinner hour, Wriothesley himself knocked at her door, although she sprang into a sitting posture and the nervous color flamed into her cheeks, she said "No" to his inquiry, called from outside, whether she would not dine with him.

"Shall I send you in something?"

"No, thank you—nothing."

There was a note of remorse in his tone which brought on her tears afresh; but she felt comfort in the knowledge that they were hidden from him.

"I am sorry you have a headache! Do try to eat something; it will do you more good than anything," he entreated.

When she again declined, he said, with some slight authority of tone:

"Come here to the door, Marvel; I want to see you."

Accustomed to obey, she got up, gave a hasty glance into her mirror, brushed back her lovely wavy hair, and, seeing that she was pale, but not exactly repulsive, because of her weeping, went reluctantly to the door. It was not locked; but, it not being his custom to do so, Wriothesley had not entered the room.

When he saw her standing there, so pale and unhappy, his heart smote him. Was this Lady Mary's merry child? He could not call to mind the words he had spoken in his anguish, but he supposed they had been sufficiently hasty to hurt her. He did not dream they had been so cruel as they were.

"I have been unkind to you, Marvel," he said remorsefully. "But you should not take a hasty word or two so to heart?"

She regarded him in a sort of wonderment.

"You who have been my undoing! I would I had never seen you!" Were those mere hasty words? Truly he did not love her if he could think so!

"Do not be distressed about it," she said sweetly. "After a while I shall not care much—not much. And, besides"—hastily—"it is, I believe, this tiresome headache that is troubling me most."

"Try some champagne—that may set you up again. Let me bring you some?"

"Oh, no, thank you!"

"I wish you would. You look very pale; and it would make me feel easier about you."

"Would it? Very well—you may bring me some," she said, with thorough unselfishness.

Why should she make him uneasy? She had surely been trouble enough to him already—aye, and grief too! Her heart swelled with misery within her as she thought of it all; but his new kindness did not for an instant shake her determination to rid him of her presence as soon as possible.

She took the wine from him when he brought it, but she did not drink it, and she still persisted in her refusal to go to dinner.

Wriothesley departed a little puzzled by some subtle change in her which had been born within the past few hours. He consoled himself with the thought that a child like that wanted only a good night's rest to forget even a poignant grief, and at heart he was, indeed, considerably relieved by her persistent disinclination to dine with him.

In his present mood he shrank from a *tete-a-tete* with her. He had roused himself from his stupor to speak to her, a sense of duty driving him to make amends for those angry words he half recollected having spoken. But he was glad to be able to go back again to his miserable regrets without any one to study him with large, child-like eyes.

His mind was unsettled; yesterday he knew that his idol was still loved by him with a deep but unpardoning love; to-day there were no thoughts of pardon—only a wild longing to reach her, to kneel at her feet, to implore her grace once more; and with this the knowledge that he was powerless to stir.

And something more, too—a cold, curious sense of revenge gratified.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A BIRD'S SAVINGS BANK.—In California the woodpecker stores acorns away, although he never eats them. He bores several holes, differing slightly in size, in the autumn, invariably in a pine tree. Then he finds an acorn, which he adjusts to one of the holes prepared for its reception. But he does not eat the acorn, for, as a rule, he is not a vegetarian. His object in storing away the acorns exhibits foresight and knowledge of results more akin to reason than to instinct. The succeeding winter the acorn remains intact, but, becoming saturated is predisposed to decay, when it is attacked by maggots, who seem to enjoy this kind of food. It is then that the woodpecker reaps the harvest his wisdom has provided, at a time when, the ground being covered with snow, he would experience a difficulty otherwise in obtaining suitable or palatable food. It is a subject of speculation why the red wood cedar or the sugar pine is invariably selected. It is not probable that the insect which the woodpecker is so fond of is found only on the outside of two trees; but true it is that in Calaveras, Mariposa, and other districts of California, trees of this kind may be frequently seen with their trunks covered all over with acorns, while there is not an oak tree within several miles.

LET the day have a blessed baptism by giving your first waking thoughts into the bosom of God. The first hour of the morning is the rudder of the day.

Bric-a-Brac.

A GOOD OMEN FOR MARRIAGES.—Accustomed as we are to the association of doves with loves, it seems startling to learn, on the authority of Pliny, that the Romans considered the hawk a bird of particularly good omen in marriage, because it never eats the hearts of other birds, thus intimating that no differences or quarrels in the marriage state ought ever reach the heart.

TYING THE TONGUE.—He who is anxious to tie his tongue in knots will do well to attempt the following exercise in pronunciation: Recently, during a lull in business, two little bootblacks, one white and the other black, were standing at a corner doing nothing, when the white bootblack agreed to black the black bootblack's boots. The black bootblack was, of course, willing to have his boots blacked by his fellow-bootblack, and the bootblack who had agreed to black the black bootblack's boots went to work.

SLEEP PROMOTER.—Monotonous, continuous sounds are recommended by various persons as promotive of sleep. Anyone who has experienced the murmur of the insect and leaf life of a forest knows how quieting it is. So the purling of the waters, the humming of a hive of bees, and the buzz of a spinning-wheel, all act as lullabies. And there is no better sleep-promoter than machinery. A person having a spring, or electric, or water motor to run her sewing machine, need only to remove the needle, and let it run.

A LUCKY DAY.—It may interest those who wish to marry to know that the luckiest day and month for marriages is by superstitious people held to be the 31st of December. This superstition is specially prevalent in Scotland, and some years ago, as the result of researches, it was ascertained that, while in the eight principal towns in Scotland the number of marriages averaged 25 per day, on the 31st of December there was, as a rule, as many as 500. Probably this may be accounted for by the fact that "Advent marriage doth deny," and the season being ended, enthusiastic couples make up for lost time.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.—This stone, so much sought for, the old alchemists has not only the power of transmuting any imperfect earthy matter into its utmost degree of perfection, and can convert the basest metals into gold, flints into stone, etc., but it has still more occult virtues, when the arcana have been entered into, by the choice fathers of hermetic mysteries. The vegetable stone has power over the natures of man, beast, fowls, fishes, and all kinds of trees and plants, to make them flourish and bear fruit at any time. The magical stone discovers any person wherever he is concealed; while the angelical stone gives the apparitions of angels, and a power of conversing with them.

THE CANNON-BALL TREE.—On the plains that border the rivers of British Guiana there grows an extraordinary tree, which has been named from the size and shape of its fruit the cannon-ball tree, though the natives call it the wild apricot. It has a height of from eighty to a hundred feet and more. Its stem is straight and branchless. Its fruit consists of large round shells as big as a thirty-two pound shot. The shells are used as drinking vessels, while the seeds which they contain are eaten by monkeys. Charles Kingsley tells a story about an officer who thoughtlessly tried to bring down some of the fruit by prodding the tree with a bamboo cane. He succeeded in loosening a ball, which, however, much to his surprise, alighted on his nose and felled him to the ground.

THE EARTH-WORM.—A scientist has the following good word for the earth-worm: "He needs for his support only the poorest food. He eats the earth in order to assimilate a little of the soil that it contains. He harms no roots, and only uses a little of the material in which he digs. This indefatigable and silent laborer brings the earth to the surface from below, and the pits and galleries which he makes allows heat and moisture and all the atmospheric agents to penetrate the earth, thus rendering it lighter, and consequently more favorable for the growth of the roots of trees and shrubs. As he enters these galleries he draws in with him leaves and mosses, and the very important results of his burying them is to hasten their decomposition into a mold. The earth-worm drains, cultivates and enriches the soil, so one must not destroy him."

PREJUDICE squints when it looks, and lies when it talks.

TIME'S MAGIC.

BY E. G. F.

Sorrow's discords I have known
Rhythmic grow at touch of time;
What was once a piteous groan
Helps to make a dainty rhyme.

Rocks that one time barred my way,
Thorns that tore me as I passed,
Seen by light of dying day,
Make a picture at the last.

Say not in this life of mine,
This was grievous, that was wrong;
Sorrow, by a law divine,
Is the chosen seed of song.

True it is the griefs were great,
True it is the songs are small;
Yet the verses compensate
For the troubles after all.

Tones that seem too harsh to-day
Make life's harmony complete;
Yet I do not dare to say
Whether life is sad or sweet.

IN SEVERED PATHS

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," "WITH THIS RING I WED THEE," ETC.

CHAPTER LII.

WITHIN the cave the light penetrated for some little distance, and the flare of crimson in the sky cast a red streak across the white glistening sand which paved the cavern.

To look back was to behold the glory of sun and sky framed like a picture by the dark rocky entrance of the cave; to look forward was to meet black darkness at which the eye quivered and recoiled.

"You perceive, miss," observed Daniel, "that it would not be safe to stow the casks here—they might be seen from the beach. We must roll them farther on, into the ould place where they used to lie in your father's time."

"Just as you will, Daniel; but we cannot go farther on without a light."

"There used to be an ould lantern kept here somewhere abouts," said Daniel, running his hand up the wall of rock. "Aub, iss, here he is, and a beauty he be too! But that's nothin' so long as there's a bit of candle in 'un."

There was; and, since it was made of strong yellow wax, it was in sufficiently good condition to burn.

"I reckon Martin have been in here prying round afore we comed," observed Daniel, as he noted the freshness of the candle. "Now I hope my tinder is good."

He pulled from his pocket a small tin box which held flint, steel, and tinder; and now began the troublesome business of procuring a light, which in the beginning of this great century could only be got by knocking a flint and steel together till sparks fell into the tinder and ignited it.

Then it had to be blown at with careful breath while a clumsy sulphur-match was held to the slowly-burning tinder.

It was a process to be watched with interest, and the operator had to give his concentrated attention to it in order to ensure success.

Thus it happened that, while the ruddy flickering light illumined Daniel's face and threw its glimmer also on Estrild's, neither heard a footfall not far from them; neither saw a form that flitted by swiftly in the darkness.

The dim light that rose and fell with Daniel's breath made this darkness more intense, while of course rendering them visible to the person passing.

"It's a cranky ould machine," said Daniel, holding up the heavy lantern after lighting the candle within it; "but, so the light's good, as our pa'son once said, it don't matter what the outside look of the lantern be that carr's it. Now, my dear, we'll step on, and I'll show 'ee where they used to stow the kegs in the ould days when the Squires were friendly."

The path tended slightly upwards, but it was not difficult, and they soon reached the place indicated.

Here the ladings of a big ship might be hidden away, and no man's eye be any the wiser.

Daniel lifted his lantern on high, the better to show the vastness of the cave. And now the light fell and glimmered on a surface of water.

"How's this?" cried he, in a surprised tone. "It's more'n three years since I was here last, and I disremember of water if any was here then or no; but I reckon it wasn't."

"You are right—it was not here," Estrild answered.

Daniel walked to the edge of the pool which rippled darkly to his feet, and dipped his finger in it, then gently touched his lips.

"It's fresh water," he said, "though a bit brackish; so it's the stream, miss, which have found a new way for itself out to sea."

They skirted the pool's edge as its low roof of rocks would permit, and found this was the case; but the way by which the water came or how it made its way to the sea they could not discover.

The overhanging rocks barred further progress except perhaps to a man, who might have dared to climb onwards on hands and knees.

Save for the glimmer on the water where the light fell, the pool lay in black darkness, and there was something awful in its solitude and depth and in the hollow echo of their voices which the rocky roof swept back to them across the darkness.

"Come away!" said Estrild, with a slight shudder. "This is a dismal place—a man might die in it, and his death never be known."

"'Tis whisht and oogly," acquiesced Daniel; "and maybe there's rifts too on the rock to hould a dead man; and he might lie there unfound till Doomsday."

So saying, they passed along the verge of the pool, the flash of the light they carried coming and going in a weird way across its black water, and their lonely tread awaking ghostly steps, which seemed to follow stealthily, as their figures vanished beyond a huge rock.

Past this the cavern narrowed, as Harold had found when he explored it; and soon the wall of rock was reached, which had appeared to him to bar all further ingress, till he had discovered the ladder which was placed here, and above and beyond which lay that deep gorge in the park where he and Estrild had once met and parted.

At this spot Daniel stopped, saying:

"I reckon, miss, you won't be timid now of going on alone?"

"No," Estrild returned; "what is there to fear? I know every step of the way. And the light from the rent in the rocks above will be enough for me; so you can have the lantern Daniel."

"I won't take it, miss. If you'll light me just past the big rock by the new pool, that's all I shall need. The ladder is safe," he added, putting his strong hand upon it, to feel how steady it was; "but you'll climb it the easier for having the lantern handy."

Estrild did not say no. She turned back with him, both walking slowly, while he spoke regretfully of Martin's imprudence in the use to which he had put the Curlew.

"And 'twould grieve me to the heart to lose her," he said. "You know of she's seized with a contraband cargo aboard she'll be sold, so I'm powerly thankful to you, Miss Estrild——"

"Don't say a word, Daniel; I owe my life to you. What is this trifle that I do in return? It is nothing."

"Well, I promise you, miss, if your goodness saves the Curlew to-night, she shall never run such a risk again. Now I shall go out to the head of the bay in a fishing-boat with a couple of men, and board her if I can come across her; and, if not, we shall light a signal she'll understand. Good night, miss. There's no need to come farther; and the tide is running in fast, so I must hurry a bit."

He put the lantern in Estrild's hand, and, turning once, smiled, and waved a good-bye as she stood watching him wend his way into the darkness towards the sea-entrance of the cave.

As he disappeared her heart fell, and a wavering irresolution unsteadied her thoughts.

A sudden impulse to follow Daniel seized her; but she resisted it, remembering that the tide would by this time have covered the sands, and to return under cliff and reach the winding path would be difficult, if not impossible.

Daniel was gone to the left, where it was practicable to pass from rock to rock down to Langarth Church-town, but her way would lie to the right, where the waves beat against a wall of rock, so the only road open to her was through the cavern; and, as she had originally decided, she resolved now again to take it, knowing there was no cause for fear save in the fancies of her own imagination, touched weirdly by the wild loneliness and darkness of the place.

But, while she stood in clouded thought, wavering, many minutes had passed, and she awoke to the consciousness of a deeper volume of sound than usual rolling towards the sea.

A thousand wistful echoes gathered round her from the distant hollows of the cave, and these scarce had time to sigh away their voices ere the beat of the next wave recalled them in louder and yet louder rolls of sound.

The noise grew deafening; it was like standing in the midst of mingled thunders or the roar of cannon, and the mighty rush of the reverberations upon the ear confused her.

As a fugitive in a lost battle, bewildered by the very horror of sound, seeks to fly from the din of raging death, yet runs to the cannon's mouth, so did Estrild now rush forward to the appalling din of the sea.

She was met by a great wave which rolled to her feet, and, dashing up the rocks on either side, scattered its wild spray upon her head, and then fell back upon its brother wave with a long-drawn swell of sound.

The noise of its fall shook the ground; but Estrild, though she started back from its roar, gathered courage from the sight of her danger.

The tide had been on the flow for about three hours, and was now rolling onward with unwonted force, fast filling the cavern with in-rushing death.

A south-westerly wind, rapidly rising to a storm, hurried on the seas, which with dreadful roar beat against the rocky sides and roof, filling the hollows with immeasurable sound.

Estrild knew she must hasten now to retrace her steps to safety, so she turned from the din that confused her senses, and set her face against the darkness.

The roar followed her like a pursuing host, but as she went onwards it subsided into dull echoes and fell at last softly into silence. She breathed again now more calmly, and her self-possession and courage returned to her.

So she walked on with steady step, smiling to herself at her own fears; but suddenly her foot touched water, and she recoiled with a shock of amazed bewilderment.

Had she taken a wrong turning, or what had happened? She held the lantern low to examine the path, and the flash of its light touched the surface of a heaving lake.

In an instant she perceived the truth. The stream without, swelled by the sudden storm, had increased the water of the pool, which was now spreading over the rocky way which led to the ladder.

But it was not deep; in a minute she had passed through it and stood on the other side, and turned and looked down the watery waste.

It had grown so large that it gave her a little chill of fear; and her reflection in the water, as it rippled to her feet, had the look of a ghost standing desolate on the border of outer darkness—so faint, so wan did the image appear to her, as she watched it vanish as she moved away.

At this instant, when her heart was sinking, she fancied the sound of a step fell upon the stillness. Greatly startled, she leaned against a rock and listened intently, but heard only the slow gurgling of the water and her own quick heart-beats.

Reassured, she went on swiftly through the narrowing and ever-narrowing path that stretched on to the great wall of rock which closed the cave, and against which the ladder leaned that led to light and to safety.

She reached it pantingly, telling herself in hurried thought, that in another moment she would stand beneath the sky, freed from these dark straightened walls pressing now painfully upon heart and brain.

Eagerly she stretched out her hand to clasp the ladder rung, and touched only the bare rock! Her heart stood still from the shock, yet she believed she had but missed the exact spot; so she lifted the light higher, and saw the whole surface of the bare rock—the ladder was gone!

The recoil from hope to despair, the piteous horror of the truth struck her like a blow; her senses reeled, and she fell at the foot of the huge impregnable barrier, which, like the cruel door of a dungeon, shut out light and life, leaving her to darkness and to death.

She was awakened to consciousness by the cold touch of water on her hand; her left arm was outstretched and lay towards the pool—the water had risen and reached it.

For one moment of bewilderment she knew not what had happened or where she was; then the ghastly truth returned upon her with a force that sent the blood to her heart in a rush of unutterable horror.

The step was real which she had heard; and a cruel hand had removed the ladder with murderous purpose to cause her death. Yet no—that was impossible; throughout the whole wide world she hated no one, and no one hated her.

It was accident—pure accident; and she was to die as all her race died, by the power of an unseen hand—for she knew she had to die.

Stealing onward, only a hand's-breadth from her, was the cold death which even now with insidious touch was rippling to to her feet. She kept her senses—she could measure the time. She knew what was happening, and what must happen.

The unwonted high fierce tide, rolling inwards, had met the fresh water rushing out, and, driving it back by its greater strength, forced it up through the narrow path; and for the next three hours it would rise and rise, till it took her life.

It would not require that time to drown her. Would it take an hour? Yes, perhaps she might live yet an hour; or, if she could climb to some higher ledge of rock, two hours might yet be granted to her in which to pray and bid farewell to life, to her dear home, and to Harold—dearest of all.

The thought of him brought a gush of sudden tears and an agonised cry for life. The water was gathering cold about her feet; and in terror she held the light up high, lest some spray should touch and extinguish it.

Even in her fall, her grasp on the one comfort left her—a little light—had not relaxed, and it was still safe in her hand; but now she looked on it with eyes full of fear, for it was fast burning away, and in a few minutes utter darkness would fall upon and around her.

In the short spell of light still granted to her she would strive—she would fight hard for her life.

She held the light aloft, and caught at a narrow ledge of rock with her left hand; by this she hung, and she succeeded in placing the lantern on it safely.

To a man, with a man's strength and might, the task would be difficult; to her it was an effort that left her breathless and exhausted, as, clinging now with both hands to the rocky ledge, she waited for renewed breath before making one superhuman struggle for her life.

With her strong young arms she succeeded, her terrors aiding her, in drawing herself above the water, and gaining a precarious footing on a little ridge which helped her to reach the ledge where she found a resting-place.

It was narrow, but slanted inwards, and by clinging to the rock above she could stand with tolerable security.

The sense of present safety brought infinite relief to the agonized tension of her mind; and, after a minute spent in quiet thankfulness to rest and regain breath and strength, she was able calmly to scan her situation, and measure the chances of escape with a touch of hopefulness.

She was now so high above the encroaching water that she knew herself to be safe for a time; the great question was, for how long a time?

Would it be long enough for her rescue by Carrie, who would assuredly cause a search to be made for her when she and the household grew alarmed at her absence? Yes, yes, it would be long enough if they came soon; but who among them would think of this cavern—would dream of searching for her here?

All who could tell of her having entered it were far away—Daniel in his fishing-lugger at sea, Martin miles inland, Pleasance in her home. If they sent to her to inquire, then perhaps——

No, no, that was a hopeless thought—the water would reach her long before any messenger could return from Pleasance.

The thread of her thoughts broke here, and grew tangled and confused; she fancied she heard the sound of many voices, and her heart leaped with joy—it was Daniel and the crew of the Curlew coming through the tide to rescue her.

She awoke from this dream with a start of pained fear.

Was she losing her senses that she should allow so mad a fancy to possess her mind for a moment? Daniel and the Curlew's men could not enter the cave till the fierce tide was at half-ebb; and then, if they found her, it would be lying dead in the darkness.

She drew herself together with a shudder, and turned to look at the dwindling light; then she saw that with an effort she might reach a wider portion of the ledge, where there would be safer footing.

On gaining this, she found a niche in the rock wide enough for to rest in either sitting or standing.

She sat down, and in the comfort of this shelter leaned her face upon her arms and wept and prayed silently.

When she raised her eyes again the light was gone.

It was a shock; and the darkness at first was overpowering, so crushing all courage and nerve, that she cowered against the rock, clutching it with trembling hands, and even pressing her face to it, because in this ghastly darkness, with death beneath, it seemed a necessity to hold by something.

Some minutes passed thus, she knew not how many—she could not count time now—and then she was startled into a shriek by the sudden fall of the lantern.

It fell, not to the ground, but into the water; and the cry stayed suspended on Estrild's lips as she saw the flood was deep enough to float it; only a few minutes ago, had it fallen, it would have touched ground, now the water bore it up and carried it away; so the flood had risen fast, and it would soon reach her ark of refuge.

In this near approach of death she sought in her memory for words of comfort—words of promise. Many came to her mind, and she said them over many times; yet they grew mingled with the terrible threatenings of prophecy—the words of the seers who foretold desolation:

"How wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?" "When He uttereth His voice there is a multitude of waters." "Give glory before He cause darkness, and before your feet stumble upon the dark mountains, and while ye look for light, He turns it into the shadow of death." "Behold, the noise of the bruit is come, and a great commotion to make desolate, and a den of dragons."

These broken utterances, and many, many more, came to her in ever-shifting memories; and through all these she was ever hearing the approach of the sea—a confused noise like the murmur of many voices crying "Death—death!"

It was the breaking of the heavy seas upon the mass of fresh water pouring down to meet them; it was the rush and roar of waves dashing sullenly against the great rocks that hemmed them in; it was the sure and relentless advance of the sea that was bringing death upon its waters.

The rising tide had reached the inner portion of the cave, and the noise of its fury could be heard here at its very head. Estrild strove to shut out the appalling sound from her senses by hands pressed upon her ears.

But this was vain; it grew in strength, it overcame all thought except the dread sense of its own awful power.

Those who have stood in battle amid "confused noise and garments rolled in blood" know the very agony of sound, as do those who go down to the depths with the roar of the sea in their dying ears.

Before the march of this great sound Estrild's senses fainted; delusive thoughts, strange fancies began to form within her mind and show themselves around her in visions; of this the compression of the air, driven forward by the water, affecting breath and brain, doubtless was in truth the cause.

Be that as it may, dreams now pressed around her: the sound of the chafing surging seas changed to music—a music of preparation for a battle, the tread of innumerable hosts, the marching onwards of countless battalions, mingled with the call of a thousand trumpets, the roll of a thousand drums.

Stirred by the mighty sound, she rose in delirium to her feet and raised her voice in a wild song.

It was the Crusaders' chant! In a moment she recognized it with a return of sense, stilled her voice, and fell upon her knees clinging to the rock.

It was too late—the echoes of the cave had

caught it up and flung it back from rock to rock, from wave to wave, till every rushing wind and every rolling sea sang the Crusaders' chant in wild repetition, with voices that rose and swelled, died down and rose again.

It was a chant of terror, a chant of doom, and all the superstitious fears of her race swept over Estrild's heart, mingled with a sad satisfaction that at her death also this wild funeral-song was not wanting.

And now the preparation for a battle changed to the march past of the crusading hosts; the tramp of ten thousand men swept by; and of all this mighty throng one alone was to live—live to pine in a dungeon and thrust a withered hand through cruel bars for his daily pittance of bread.

As the piteous story ran like a dark thread through her dream, she saw the hand in a pale prison light, beckoning and pointing downwards to the rising flood.

"You too must die," whispered an inward voice, not her own. "You, the last of the race on which my hand has taken vengeance, must die, and my spirit will find rest. Farewell—an everlasting farewell!"

The vision vanished; but, amid a hurrying to and fro, and the tremblings of defeat and flight, a thousand sighing voices took up the words—"Farewell—an everlasting farewell!"

And then came hand-claspings and whispers of heart-broken partings, cries of pain, hurrying feet trampling down the dying, and again, reverberating through all, the sigh of the sea—'Farewell—an everlasting farewell!"

* * * * * *

The hand with the pale glory on it clutched her hand; and with the cold touch Estrild awoke from the confused vision that darkness and fear and the horror of great sound had brought upon her brain.

Her right arm was hanging over the ledge on which she lay; and the water had risen now so high that as it lapped against the rock it touched her fingers.

She stretched her arm down in the darkness, and her hand was plunged in water to the wrist.

So dreaded, death was come; with cold sure feet he had crept onwards till but two inches of rock stood between her and his chill clutch.

The sense that all was lost gave her a strange calm.

She drew a little ivory tablet from her purse and strove to write a word of everlasting love—a farewell with hope—that might comfort Harold.

At this instant, when the flood with death's very touch was cold about her feet, a sudden revulsion of feeling seized her.

In the very heart of the death that waited for her, there quivered a small pale light, no larger than the gold star in the heart of the tiniest flower.

But it was the light of a mighty sun millions of miles away, that, shining as a small star in the earth's sky, sent now the reflection of his light through a little rift in her dungeon to quiver upon the dark waters and recall her to life and love.

The rift in the roof above her was narrow as the edge of her hand, and in a moment the star had passed; but its message remained on the heaving darkness; and, kneeling down, her face upon her cold wet hands, Estrild prayed, and thanked God for the hope that had been sent to her from beyond the worlds, in the message from the shining star, whispering to her spirit that she would be saved.

CHAPTER LIII.

EVERY mile that diminished the distance between him and Estrild lifted a portion of the load weighing on Harold's mind; and he felt more and more assured that he was right in setting aside all other purposes for the one he was now fulfilling.

To reach Langarth, to stand by Estrild's side and protect her from the unknown fear that assailed her, was his first duty.

Great as his debt of gratitude might be to Mr. Irrian, the search for him must be left to Doctor Arnold.

But, mindful of the promise he had made he prosecuted earnest inquiries all along the route—at quaint hostelries in sleepy towns where the coach stopped for refreshment, and lonely posting-houses where it stayed to change horses.

But at none of these did he gain any information that brought certainty with it.

Descriptions were not wanting of all sorts of travelers—horsemen and footmen, and men in every kind of vehicle that ran upon wheels; but, as Harold listened, he could find no trait of likeness between them and Mr. Irrian; so at length he grew convinced that the unfortunate wanderer had taken the road to Southampton, and gradually his questions dropped, and he heard no more descriptions of strange travelers from stray fellow-passengers, ostlers, innkeepers, and turnpike-men.

In Cornwall at last, on the rugged side of it, where the Atlantic rushes down "on the thundering shores of Boss and Bude."

Harold had promised to take this northern road, not reflecting that it would involve a second journey across the country from its rugged iron coast on the north-west to the softer sea on the south shore.

A stage from Padstow traversed this route twice a week, and Harold was fortunate enough to catch it as it started.

But it was poorly horsed, and so crawled up the great hills or dragged down them with a slowness that chafed his spirit terribly.

This grew to a feverish impatience when the coach crept along a high heath by the south coast, and he could look down on a surf-tormented shore and watch the long line of phosphoric light that gleamed along the sands or dashed up in pale fire against the tall cliffs that defined the bay of Langarth.

It was a rough night; rain fell in torrents, and a south-west wind, blowing in its strength, flung upon the shore heavy seas, whose thundering falls, echoing far inland, reached the ears of the drenched travelers as, to ease the starveling horse, they toiled up a long hill on foot, with rain and wind beating against their faces.

Full of thought, Harold walked alone to avoid speech with others, for he was not in a mood to "make talk" with strangers. But sometimes a stray word caught his ear, distracting his attention for a moment ere he plunged back into reverie again.

This happened at a spot where two lanes intersected the high road; at this place the stage had halted, and a rough box was jerked down from the piled roof.

"Here's your box, Mr. Treval, but where's your horse-and-cart?"

The farmer thus addressed stared about him in dismay; then, putting two fingers to his lips, he whistled loudly.

This brought running towards him a lank boy, who had taken shelter under a tree somewhere down the lane.

"Missus has been forced to send the donkey-cart; the hoss was wanted, sir," said the boy significantly.

"What's up, then?"

The boy answered in a low voice; but Harold heard the word Curlew, and turned now a sharp attention to the colloquy. The farmer however kept silent for some moments after receiving the news given to him; but he was evidently excited in a grave way.

"Go home with the cart as fast as you can, and bring on the mare to me. I shall ride over to Langarth, and see what's going on."

"I cain't bring the mare, sir; she've been pixy-ridden."

"Go 'long, you young varmint, and fetch her to wance," said the Irish farmer. "Don't tell me none of your strames 'bout pixies."

"But she's gone, sir," persisted the boy; "and missus says———"

"Please take your places, gentlemen," said the driver hurriedly. "I want to get on now."

Every one hastily clambered to his seat as the man waved his whip with impatience, and gathered up the reins with a jerky hand.

Harold perforce mounted with the rest, and, as the coach slowly descended the hill, the figures of the puzzled farmer and his boy disappeared, but their words remained with him.

His seat was just behind the driver's; he leaned forward and said in a very low voice—

"What is going on? Do you know?"

"How should I know?" returned the man with an uneasy laugh. "My ventures don't run in that line."

"The French have landed," said another man, giving Harold a friendly lunge of warning."

"Going to land, you mean," returned the driver, "or they bain't caught hand hanged. There's a watchman abroad."

He pointed with his whip seawards; but in the descent of the hill, the bay, the surf-lined shore, and the schooner lying off the headland were all lost to view.

Harold however had caught the veiled meaning of the answers given to him, and he felt vaguely uneasy.

He knew the "landing of the French" was a cant term for the landing of French brandy and other contraband French products, and he had a misgiving of danger to Langarth through the daring deeds of the smugglers.

His mind grew full of forebodings as the memory of his first visit to Langarth showed it, when, as now, a desperate smuggling expedition was astir, and through it the life of a Carbonelle was lost.

"How near to the house of Langarth can you set me down?" he asked of the coachman eagerly.

"About a matter of two miles," said the man carelessly, flinging the words back as he leaned forward to hear the whispered speech of his friend on the box-seat.

"They are deaf to anything but smuggling," thought Harold indignantly. "They smell French brandy; they are like hunters after a fox—mad to pursue their sport."

Being angry, he was injudicious.

"Well, I believe I ought to give information to the coastguard that a certain farmer has lent his horse and cart for a bad purpose," he said, in a hard tone; "so you had better try to put me down a little nearer to Langarth than two miles!"

Conversation all around him ceased; every one listened for the coachman's answer.

"If you don't mind a rough road," said the man, in a civil tone, "you had best get down here; it's nearer by half a mile than the place where I reckoned on stopping."

"And which way must I go?"

"You see this lane to the left?"—pointing with his whip. "Keep straight on, and you can't miss. Your portmanty? Yes—I'll leave he at the turnpike. Good night!"

Harold was down in the road now, and the driver was just starting the horses, when, from the window of the coach, a woman's hand dropped a slip of paper, and, by a gesture, signified to Harold that it was for him. At the same instant the coach drove off, amid the sound of ironical laughter.

"Informers are poor company for honest men!" shouted the coachman's friend. "If we meet again, maybe I'll give ee' a Cornish hug. But there, I never knowed a Londoner who could wrastle!"

"Good riddance of bad rubbish!" cried another voice.

"Yah!" yelled the coachman, that his voice might reach its mark. "I wouldn't have carr'd 'ee another mile for a hunder' poonds! Informers would make the ould coach smell of sulphur for a month!"

Another laugh, and the wheels rolled away through the mud, while Harold was left standing in the blinding rain, his veins tingling with fierce exasperation, mingled with a ludicrous sense of helplessness to avenge himself.

After a second or two of inward raging, he picked up the slip of paper from the road; but it was mud-stained and rain-blotted, and even in a good light would have been hard to decipher; here beneath clouded moon and stars it was impossible. He must find a cottage and get a light, and there make inquiries as to the road.

Of course he would not take the one indicated, as it was most likely the wrong one.

It cost him a good half-hour's walking before the light from a cottage window twinkled out at a little distance. He crossed the field leading to it, and found that a tiny child of five and a poor old bed-ridden woman, stone-deaf, were the only souls at home.

He gave up the woman as hopeless; and the child could only tell him it was a "long way to Langarth."

So he turned to the pencilled lines on the rain-blotted paper, and read this—

"You are a good five miles from Langarth. Do not follow the road pointed out to you. It leads to an old mine; and you might easily fall into a shaft. Go straight on to the four-mile stone; then take the first lane on the left, bearing towards the sea."

On the outside of the folded slip was written

"From a friend, who advises a stranger not to meddle, but to leave the coastguard to do its own work."

Harold smiled as he crushed the paper in his hand.

"I understand her meaning," he said to himself. "She was willing to save me from the shafts of her beloved country, but not to help me to inform against her friends. It is a sort of condition she makes. Now I wonder if her route will tumble me over the cliff, instead of into a shaft? Is there no horse to be hired anywhere about here, little girl?"

"Farmer Treyail's hoss be dead, mother said. Her's long with Mrs. Treyail; her's took bad—skeared like into fits. And—and I seed farmer Pryse's hoss not long agone," continued the child, staring at Harold with round eyes of fright. "And I felt scairt; and I comed in with grannie."

"Where can I find your father?" asked Harold impatiently.

"He's gone 'long with the hoss and cart to help the Langarth men. Don't 'ee tell the sodgers, now—will 'ee?"

At this reply Harold felt the chance of his gaining information was hopeless, and he must trust now to his own head and his own feet.

He put half a crown in the deaf old woman's hand and departed.

Her eyes gleamed with joy over the coin; and she screamed her thanks in a shrill treble, yet was evidently suspicious, for, as Harold stood for a moment pondering outside the door, he heard her in the same shrill tone cry out to the child—

"He bain't no good, I reckon! You haven't told 'un nauthin', Molly?"

"No, grannie, 'cept that farmer Treyail's wife was skeared most to death."

"There, there," shrieked the old woman in her high key—"don't 'ee tell no more strams 'bout ghosts! I've seed ghosts enough in my time. I mind the day when the ould Squire was found dead—drowned in four inches of wastur, face on 'un lying in the brook; and I seed the Black Rider go by with my own eyes. Auh, I mind it better'n I mind what hap'd yesterday! I was a purty little chocied then. And 'taties was dear then; they wasn't growed out in fields, like they be now. Auh, 'twas poor times! Barley-bread, and work hard for't. Ghosts? Auh, ghosts will come for us all!"

Harold shut the door on the old woman's recollections; but some of her words rested in his mind, or rather quivered through it, bringing half-awakened thoughts and apprehensions that he flung aside.

But his heart had a quicker beat as he set his face steadfastly towards Langarth.

The south-west wind had brought in a fog from the sea, and he walked through a thick white mist which shut out every landmark, enclosing him step by step in the solitude of soft walls, through which he went as through the cells of a prison, ever alone, nothing visible save the drear whiteness through which he paced darkly.

Fearing to lose the turning to the left which he had been directed to follow, he walked close to the hedge on this side, and felt intensely relieved when he came upon the lane, and heard dimly in the distance the full soft rushing sound of the sea.

Meeting the wind now in its force, he realized its strength, and knew that waves heaped storm-high must be sweeping down upon the shore and flinging their spray far up the cliffs on Langarth. He hurried on feverishly, beating against the fog and wind with strained eyes and rain-battered face, every step closed up behind him by the insidious wall of mist, and every step in front taken darkly.

The lane seemed interminable; and sometimes his doubting heart stayed his steps for a moment in uncertainty; then he pressed onwards, flushed with a renewed fever of haste.

Rewarded at last! Out of the darkness of night and mist there loomed upon him suddenly a denser darkness, taking shape as he neared it, and resolving itself into a low wall, which surrounded an outlying portion of Langarth. He recognized this fact with a feeling of intense relief; and, going back a step, he took a short run and cleared the wall at a bound.

He was within the pale of Langarth, within a short measurable distance of home, joy, and love; and yet at this very instant, when his over-weighted heart had sprung back to its balance, and a smile at his own forebodings was standing on his lips, he was struck pale by a sound.

It was a strangely soft clear whistle, not shrill or ear-piercing, and yet intense and far-reaching as a trumpet, sounding in the guests to Death's feast—a battle.

Struck motionless as though a hand clutched him, Harold stood intently listening for an answering signal to this wild call; and, after a time, slow and breathless as seconds to a drowning man, it came softly on the wind, rising from the sea, clear as a luminous thread in darkness, and yet mingled with all the weird muffled sounds which crept spectrally through the mist.

"It was a smuggler's signal," said Harold to himself, with a breath of relief. "My nerves are unstrung or chafed, or I should not for an instant have harbored the wild idea that my mysterious fellow-traveler of three years ago—be he man or demon—was whistling in the air to-night."

So saying, Harold walked swiftly onwards, and gradually gained a knowledge of his bearings.

He perceived he was in that wild unfrequented portion of the park which skirted the high rugged cliffs, beneath which the caves ran which he so well remembered visiting.

With the recollection came also the remembrance of the deep ravine or gorge running up inland like a roofless continuation of the cavern, and towards which he now feared his steps were bending.

The fear vexed him; for, if this impassable chasm lay between him and Langarth, then he must turn aside and head it; and this would increase his walk by more than a mile.

That he was nearing it he now felt convinced, for the dreadful roaring of the sea beneath his feet shook the earth, and filled his ears with a sense of interminable sound.

With a horrible power and strength it rolled along beneath him, like an infernal drum-beat calling lost souls to the caves of death.

Louder and louder grew the sullen roar of the pent-up waves, twining, tangling, and foaming in the rocky hollows beneath his path; yet he kept steadily on, resolved that only the chasm itself intercepting the way should force him to turn aside and choose the longer route.

That he was not far from the horrible place he felt convinced, for a thousand wild echoes were rushing up its hollows and screaming in his ears.

It was a wild night indeed; and the heaving sea, the strong wind, the sullen roar of breakers on the surf-toned shore, the awful rush of waters heaped on waters within the cave, the swaying of the creaking trees, all filled the thick darkness with sound shrieking upon sound.

Treading carefully, lest the great rift should loom upon him too suddenly, Harold walked on through the whirling sounds when one struck upon his sense that rooted his feet to the ground.

It was the echo of Estrild's delirious song; it was the Crusaders' chant passing wildly down the gorge on the wings of the wild wind.

As a falling star is for an instant ere it is lost for ever, so was the fateful music for one second distinct and clear ere it was lost amid the voices of sea and storm.

Yet still the echo from the cave's din seemed to bring it to him in fitful cadence, mingled with the roar of the prison waves.

But, when a man is lost at night, with fog and darkness all around him, and anxiety gnawing at his heart, fancies are apt to grow upon the mind, and phantoms, either of sound or sight, are too easily created.

Telling himself the truism, Harold faced about, meaning to leave the great rift, visibly darkly to his eyes now, like a black line in the rank grass, and pursue his path by the safe road. He had not reached it, when there loomed on his vision a dark outline, taking shape as it neared him.

It came so suddenly that he stepped aside to let it pass, although it was still so far away that by this one step he put it out of sight, and again it was only a darkness coming on softly, yet swiftly. A step forward, and once more it was a shape upthrust through the mist, phantom-like, yet real.

It was the figure of a rider—a man with the set rigid and livid eyes of a man in battle, whose horse stands fetlock-high in blood.

Harold marked the wild trance-like aspect of the man with a moment's wonder; the next instant he had recognised him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SIR: "Why, Charles, how can you call Miss James plain? I wish I was half as good-looking as she is." HE: "You are, Hattie, and you know it." (At last advices Hattie was endeavoring to decide whether she ought to be pleased or offended at the compliment.)

AT LAST.

BY F. E. WEATHERLY.

I buried the old year sighing,
I laid it away with tears,
With the pitiful faded blossoms
Of the unforgotten years:
And I turned to my lonely fireside,
For I thought what the New would be,
With only the ghosts of gladness
To walk through the world with me.

I woke when the bells were ringing,
Brightly the morning smiled,
And there, in the sunny doorway
There stood a gold-haired child.
And she sang, as afar she pointed,
And her eyes to heaven were cast,
"Be ever the roads so weary,
They lead to peace at last!"

COLLIE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GUY'S CHORISTER,"

"HIS GOOD ANGEL," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

YOU cannot injure him," she gasped. "It is a mere threat to frighten me."

"I never waste my breath in useless threats," he said grimly. "Look," he added, drawing out a pocket-book, "look! This small piece of paper represents to me unlimited power over the young man, to him several years' penal servitude."

The girl staggered and almost fell.

"What is it?" she whispered.

"It is a forgery! Your brother, in too great haste to be rich, or perhaps in mere absence of mind, signed his master's instead of his own name, one day, the former signature being rather more valuable than the latter. By great good fortune this document happened to fall into my hands, and I have found it incalculably useful in giving me a servant who finds it impossible to refuse to doing my bidding. At the smallest symptom of insubordination, I have but to show a corner of this magic pocket-book, and— hey, presto — the work is done!"

She clasped her hands in agony.

"Oh, my brother!" she cried. "My poor dear boy! Are you too in the toils? Can I not save you even at my—my own expense?"

"I have told you how you may," her husband replied. "While you keep a smiling face, this pocket-book holds its secret; but, if you rebel, you seal your brother's doom. You see, you hold his fate in your keeping. What is the result?"

"Heaven help me! Heaven help us both!" the wretched girl cried, throwing herself down in a passion of tears. "What can I do but stay, and sink into the depths you have prepared for me."

* * * * * *

The snow was falling fast, and Collie sat alone gazing at it with eyes that had a world of sadness in them.

"A year to-day," she sighed, turning round the wedding-ring on a finger that had grown far too small for it—"a year to-day since I married! Ah, it seems like an eternity! I can scarcely believe now that old life appeared hard to me. It was happiness compared to this; and, when I look forward, and see no end——"

She shuddered and drew more closely round her the white shawl she wore.

"How cold it is!" she murmured. "The first snow of the year always seems to mean the death of all that is bright and fair, and it chills me to the heart. Who's there?" she cried, with a start, as a knock was heard at the door.

It opened, and Lord Stourton slowly entered.

Her pale face flushed crimson.

"You, Lord Stourton?" she said, in a tone of surprise. "Don't you know my husband is away from home?"

His usually bright face was pale and clouded, and his eyes did not meet hers. She noticed his strange expression, and continued hurriedly—"Is there anything wrong?"

"I knew of your husband's absence," he answered, speaking very gravely and sadly, "and, though I could not have a harder task than to bring bad news to you, yet—yet there was no one nearer to do it, and I could not let you hear it from—from a stranger."

"Bad news!" she gasped. "Hear, hear what? For Heaven's sake, Lord Stourton, don't keep me in suspense! Is—is it Geoffrey?"

He shook his head.

"I have heard nothing of or from Treherne since he left," he said quickly. "No; it——"

He stopped, and something in his face told her the truth. She threw herself upon her knees before him with an exceedingly bitter cry.

"My brother!" she moaned. "Have pity on me; don't tell me my brother is dead!"

"It would be but false kindness to deceive you," the young man said huskily. "Oh, Lady Treherne, it breaks my heart to see you thus, it breaks my heart to be the messenger of evil; but—but you have guessed the truth."

"Then let me die too," she cried passionately, "for I have nothing to live for now—nothing! Sid, Sid, how could you leave me alone?"

Lord Stourton's heart bled for the girl's agony.

He raised her gently and led her to a seat. He took her hand in his and looked pityingly down at her.

"Lady Treherne," he said, his voice faltering, "you must not speak like that. Dear though your brother was to you, dear as his memory always will be, you must not forget that you have one who is still nearer to you than he; you must remember that, of all ties, a husband is the closest."

She paid no heed to his words.

"Why did they not send for me?" she asked. "Why did they not tell me my boy was ill? How cruel it was to keep it from me—from me, who would have crept to his bed-side on my knees had I but known!"

Then another thought possessed her, and she rose hastily, clinging to her friend's hand.

"Let me go to him now," she pleaded. "Let me look upon his dear face before they hide it from me for ever. Oh, Sid! My brother! I promised our mother I would fill her place to you, and yet you have died alone, away from the only one who loved you. Why was I not sent for? Then at least my boy would have died with his head on my breast, and not alone—alone."

The young man's face flushed.

"It—it was so sudden," he murmured.

Something in his voice arrested her attention. She clutched his arm in a nervous grasp, and looked wildly at him.

"He died suddenly?" she repeated, in a horror-stricken whisper. "Did he kill himself?"

There was no answer in words; but her friend's eyes fell before hers, and she saw in his face the truth he could not speak. The color ebbed out of her already pale cheeks, leaving her as if struck herself by the hand of death.

After a long interval she spoke, and her voice was strained and harsh.

"Tell me about it," she urged. "Do not fear to let me hear it all. I have borne so much—so much! I think my heart is dead, though Heaven will not let me die. That is my punishment, to live on and on, and to live without love."

The young man drew a paper from his pocket.

"I have a letter for you," he said, "from Sid. They sent for me when—when it happened, for they knew that we were chums! I used to fear he must be short of money, and I wish, how I wish that he had trusted me! I have far more than I know what to do with, and he——"

Her eyes filled with tears as she took the letter from his hand.

As she saw the boyish blotted writing she held it to her lips, and kissed it passionately, and her face was all tenderness and love as she tore it open. But, as she read, her expression changed to one of horror and abhorrence.

"My darling Sister," it began—"When you read this I shall have left you alone to fight your own battle. But you will be stronger without me, for I have learned from Treherne that my crime is not only used as a weapon against me, but also against you. I can bear it no longer. My choice has to be made between death and such dishonor as even I, cowardly as I have been, cannot endure; and so, though it is hard to die so young, I cannot hesitate. It will free you too, my sister, free you from the bondage of a fiend. Forgive me, Collie, forgive my sins and my weakness! I did not mean to be wicked; but he tempted me. You can leave him now, and with my dying breath I ask you to go. He has ruined my life—he has killed me, body and soul. Don't let him do the same with you. Good-bye, dear."

Lord Stourton watched her anxiously as she read the letter once and then again, and noticed how her face darkened.

Then she crushed the letter in her fingers and thrust it into the bosom of her dress.

"Do you know why he killed himself?" she asked, in a voice that seemed like a horrible echo of her own. "Or, rather, do you know who killed him?"

"I guessed," the young man answered gently. "I knew Sid could not be very well off, and I feared he was going ahead rather too fast. I gave him a friendly warning once or twice, Lady Treherne, and he must have known that he had only to say one word to me if he wanted money. I would have offered it; but it's the sort of thing one fellow is awfully afraid to do to another. But, if I could have guessed that things were so bad with him, nothing should have stood in the way. Poor Sid! His difficulties would have vanished as if by magic if he would but have confided in me; and now——"

"Now, he is murdered!" she interrupted.

The young man started violently.

"Murdered!" he repeated. "Murdered! No, no, Lady Treherne. Terrible as it is for you to believe it, it was his own hand that was raised against his life."

"I tell you," the girl said solemnly, "my poor young brother was murdered as surely as if the assassin had shot him through the heart. And the murderer is—my husband!"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Lord Stourton. "The terrible shock has been too much for you. You don't know what you say. Treherne! Sid murdered! I tell you I have just come from seeing him lying there, with the pistol in his hand."

She gave a convulsive shudder.

"You may well think me mad," she said; "it is enough to turn the brain of any woman. If you knew more, you would wonder that I could think or speak at all; you would wonder that I live on. I repeat," she continued vehemently, "that the man you call my husband, the man who has been a slave-driver to me, and who first led my boy into danger, has been the one to kill him. How was he to live, my poor brother, with the sword hanging for ever over his head, with no honor, no self-respect? Better a thousand times that he should die as he did than be dragged deeper into the pit! Yes, Lord Stourton, between us, between Geoffrey Treherne and me, lies the responsibility of having killed that innocent boy. My brother's death lies at my door; and yet, oh, Sid, it was more for your sake than my own that I gave myself into that man's power!"

"In any case, Lady Treherne," Lord Stourton said very gently, "you must not blame yourself. On whomsoever the onus of this terrible thing may lie, you are innocent. If you have done wrong, you have done it unwittingly, I know. I do not ask you to give me your confidence; but I do beg you to let me be your friend, to let me help you, serve you in any way, for all time, my service alone being my reward."

Her eyes filled with tears.

"Thank you," she returned simply, and laid her hand in his. "I thank you with all my heart. But I have too often relied on others; now I must help myself. We shall be friends, I hope, always, but friends apart. One favor I ask of you, and that is to take me to see my lost darling. Then we shall never meet again."

"Never meet again!" the young man echoed excitedly. "Lady Treherne, you don't mean to do anything rash, to—to ——"

"I don't mean to do as poor Sid has done," she answered, with a smile more sad than tears. "I am too cowardly to kill myself, or I should have done it long ago. But, you are a gentleman, Lord Stourton, and I know you will not betray me, I am going to-night to leave this life and seek a new one. When I have said good-bye to my boy, I shall say good-bye to my past too forever."

So intent was the young man on combating her resolution to see her dead brother that he scarcely comprehended what her words implied.

"I cannot take you," he answered. "I implore you not to ask such a thing of me."

"If you will not take me, I must go alone," she said. "See, I am calm enough now. This is the only friendly service you can ever do for me. Will you not help me now when my need is greatest?"

"It is for your sake alone I hesitate," he replied.

"Then for my sake accede to my request, Lord Stourton. Guide me to where my brother lies, and then, by all the truth and loyalty I know you to possess, say farewell to me forever, and leave me there."

Lord Stourton made no further demur.

"My cab is at the door," he returned sadly, "and I am ready to do what you wish. Only I pray that I may not be wrong in helping you to this."

She rang for her maid in a mechanical way.

"Bring me my furs," she said to her. "I am going out with Lord Stourton. And, Nobie," she added, speaking quite calmly, but with a strange hardness in her voice, "pack my—my small dressing-bag with a few necessaries. I shall want it in about an hour."

The maid retired to bring her mistress's cloak; then, when she was wrapped in it, Collie took Lord Stourton's arm and descended the stairs.

No tears were in her eyes, no faltering in her voice as she gave her orders; but she looked as white and as cold as the snow that lay outside.

They did not exchange one word as they drove through the lighted streets; but, as the cab stopped at a humble house in a dull dismal neighborhood, Collie shuddered violently.

Lord Stourton made one more effort to spare her.

"It can do no good, dear Lady Treherne," he pleaded—"no good to any one. He, poor fellow, would have been the first to beg not to do it!"

But she put him gently aside.

"You are good to me," she said. "You try to fill his place. But I must go. His spirit would hover there waiting for me to say good-bye;" and with this she entered the house, and passed up the stairs.

At the door of her brother's room she paused and faced her friend. She took both his hands in hers, and looked straight into his kind eyes.

"Farewell now," she said, "farewell for the last time. You have been very good to me, very good; and I pray that Heaven may reward you with the love of some woman far more worthy than I. I am going to say good-bye to Sidney now; and after that I must be alone."

"Don't send me away," he pleaded. "Let me stay and take care of you for just a little longer. The sight may be too much for you, you may be ill——"

"No," she answered. "I know my own strength and my own weakness. I must be alone."

"At least, let me leave my cab at your disposal," he said. "If I can do no more for you, let me offer that little service. For the rest, I will do as you wish."

"Thank you," she replied abstractedly. "Good-bye."

She turned the handle of the door as she quickly spoke, and entered the darkened room.

* * * * * *

All the winter day the snow had been falling fast. But late in the evening it ceased, and the moon shone out.

At the great oak door, iron-barred, of a large cheerless-looking building in a little Scotch village a girl stood, her face pale and weary, her hand laid on the knocker. She hesitated strangely.

Then at last she rapped faintly, and, as if overcome with sorrow or fatigue, sank down upon the doorstep and covered her face with her hands.

The door was opened suddenly. A tall, gaunt woman came to the threshold, and stood peering out into the night. The next moment she saw the girl at her feet, and sank upon her knees beside her.

Her quick gray eyes instantly took in the details of the shabby dress and well-worn bonnet.

"Are you ill?" she asked, in a voice that seemed strangely gentle for her face. "Do you wish to be taken into the hospital?"

The girl looked up wistfully.

"I have come," she answered, "to see Miss Collingwood."

"To see me! I am Miss Collingwood; but I don't know you!"

The other extended her shaking white hands.

"And I," she said—"I am your niece, Collie——" She hesitated, and her voice trembled exceedingly. "Collie Marchmont!"

CHAPTER VII.

I DON'T wish to grumble, my dear mother; but I can't help calling this a most abominable climate. Here have I been holding on for a fortnight in the hope of getting a day's hunting, while my horses are eating their heads off in the stable, waiting, 'waiting late and early,' for a thaw. I am not an unreasonable man; but surely I have just cause for complaint when, contrary to all decent precedent, it freezes all day, so that hunting is out of the question, and thaws all night, so that skating is equally so!"

Sir Guy Menteith spoke in a tone of half-laughing complaint, as he turned from the window to address his mother.

He was not handsome, but he had tender blue eyes like a woman's and a kindly mouth, which yet had all a man's firmness in its lines.

The face that looked back so lovingly at him was a reflection of his—older and more feminine—and Lady Menteith rose and laid her hand on his shoulder with a very gentle touch as she answered him.

"Don't blame me, Guy. It is your own fault that you would leave your gay friends and come down here to spend your Christmas with a stupid old woman, just because she loves you dearly."

"And not because I love her dearly too, my little mother?" he asked, as he stooped and kissed her cheek. "I shall believe she is as stupid an old woman as she professes to be, if she takes my grumbling in earnest, and does not understand that, hunting or no hunting, that country is the best to me that brings me near her."

"Silly boy!" she answered, stroking his hair tenderly. "What a foolish boy you are to think so much of me! Why, Guy, at your age most young men have learned to consider it unmanly to care for their mothers, and, as each year passes, heed them less, respect them not at all, and put them aside as old-fashioned and rococo."

"Ah, mother," Sir Guy rejoined gravely, "it may be that we youngsters deserve that blame; but it is not all our fault! You, who, since my father's death, have never gone into society—you, who in this quiet place have led the life of a recluse, cannot imagine how mothers in the whirl of London life disgrace the sacred name of motherhood. What love, what respect is a man to have for the woman who turned him over, when a child, to the tender mercies of a servant, who scarcely ever troubled herself to see him, and who now—now that he is old enough to feel the shame of it—frizzes and dyes the hair that ought to be soft and silvery, and daubs with rouge the cheeks he has never dared to kiss? Can you wonder that when women—when mothers do such things, men dare to think lightly of them, and, in thinking lightly of them, must needs condemn the sex?"

"You make me more thankful than ever," Lady Menteith said, "that I am not in that life you speak of. But you sadden me, for you make me fear that the ointment has been laid on your eyes, and that you too find all women unworthy."

"Heaven forbid, mother dear! Have I not grown up, year after year, under the tender care and with the gentle guidance of the purest and best? With such an example before me, I could as soon lose faith in the holiness of Heaven as in the truth and virtue of some women. But they are rare, mother, very rare, and I have been so spoilt by the reality that I have not troubled to make, or to seek, or to find an ideal yet."

"But you will some day," she said, with a ring of anxiety in her voice. "I want to live to see my boy as happy as he deserves, and to hold a second Guy on my knee. You must marry, dear, where and how you please, for your choice can never be unworthy; and if——"

"If?" her son repeated inquiringly, an amused look coming into his face as she paused. "If, little mother?"

Lady Menteith sank down again in her easy-chair, and put her feet coolly on the warm tiles in front of the fire.

"Guy dear," she went on, without heeding his questioning tone, "it is very dull for you here; and I—I have a slight headache, and could, I fancy, take a nap till tea-time. Don't you think you might walk over to Holmwood and return the book Maud lent me?"

He crossed the room, and, kneeling down beside her, took her white hand in both his own.

"O most deep and diplomatic of mothers," he returned laughingly, "what possible connection can there be between matrimony and Maud? And whence this sudden headache? Oh, you wicked woman, your eyes are too bright to lend credence either to that or to your sudden desire for a sleep! You want to lead me on, to drive your poor son into temptation, and think that, in despair for lack of other amusement, he will, faute de mieux, give himself over to love-making. And, with that design, you select the most dangerous, fascinating, charming little witch in the county to carry out your machinations and subdue him."

"Seriously, my dear boy, she is all you say."

"And, seriously, dear mother, I am afraid to go and see, for I have no mind to marry her."

"But why?"

"The reason why I cannot tell; but, charming as Lady Maud undoubtedly is, Lady Maud is not my choice. No, mother dear, I have not yet seen the woman with whom I should like to spend my life, excepting always the one to whom a good deal of it has been dedicated, and who now wishes to immolate me on the altar of a coquette."

"Coquette or not, she loves you!"

Sir Guy rose, a little impatiently.

"You judge too partially, mother," he said; "you think every woman's feelings are to be measured by your own, and deem your son irresistible. Lady Maud has played her airs and graces on me, as on many another, and, perhaps, is a little bit piqued because she has not succeeded in enslaving me as soon as some others; but, as for loving—if she has a heart, mother mine, I am not the man who can touch it, and, should we for a moment fancy we might be happy together, we should rue it all our lives."

"Yet she is so lovable, Guy, and so suitable in ever way. She is beautiful, accomplished, rich, well-born—there is nothing left to desire."

"We are like oil and water, mother, we do not flare up, but we could never mix. No, dear; sorry though I am to knock down your favorite castle, you must understand that it is uninhabitable. Be content with your son as he is, and rest assured that you are quite sufficient for his happiness."

Lady Monteith sighed gently.

"But when I am gone, my boy?"

"I won't have you talk nonsense, mother," he answered quickly. "Your life is as good as mine, and, for aught I know, you may take it into your head to endow me with a step-father some day. Why, you have fifty years, at least, to spend with me yet, and will be like the old woman of a hundred-and-twenty, who talked of the degeneracy of her ninety-year-old daughter in finding floor-scrubbing too hard work for her. 'A but laddie like that!' you will say of me, when I am tottering about on crutches. 'He's aye talking about rheumatics, and will na believe me when I tell him it's growing-pains!' But, there," he added, seeing his mother smile brightly—"the question at present under debate is not, how is my life, but how is this most dark and dismal afternoon to be spent. It may not be such a vitally important matter; but, at present, it touches me more nearly."

"I have made one suggestion, Guy."

"Which, according to Parliamentary precedent, has been promptly vetoed. I shall stick to my resolution, mother, and shun that lovely snare."

"Is there no skating—no curling?"

"If you saw them there on the pond you would not ask. The steels cut through an inch of it, and the unfortunate adventurer is left to wallow in slush and wet unlimited. The game is not worth the candle."

"Walk over and have some tennis or billiards with the Woodward girls."

He shook his head smilingly.

"Like lassie there has her laddie," he responded, "and I found myself so horribly de trop last time that I made a vow I would never return without some one for myself."

"Then stay with me and try some of the new novels that have just come from town."

"Worse and worse! For a fortnight I have been trying them, and they have been trying me till I feel that I must rebel against my fate and cast off the bonds of love and murder that have enthralled me. No; I must go out, even in the snow, which, I see, is falling now, and——"

"Then suppose you walk over and have a look at your hospital? You don't know how glad the poor folk there are to have a visitor from the outer world."

"By Jove, mother, it is a brilliant idea! I have neglected the place shamefully this year—have not even paid it one visit! What a fellow I am to make fine resolutions and to keep them thus!"

"You have done everything for it, Guy," his mother answered quickly, vexed to hear her darling son assailed even by himself—"you gave your time and attention when they were needed, now you let them have all the money that is wanted, and, as for personal attention, it is more a woman's work than a man's, and one of my dearest pleasures has been to look after it for you."

"You spoil me, little mother," he said lovingly. "I verily believe you would like, if you could, to undertake all the duties and bear all the burdens of life for me. But, say what you will, I cannot but blame myself for my long neglect. A few years ago my hospital was my baby, and a spoilt one. The paternal duties were new and delightful then; I thought nothing a trouble, though I have become so lax now. Why, I used to be quite a pet of Miss Collingwood's! How is the dear old lady wearing?"

"She has not changed in the least. She wrote me some weeks ago, asking my permission to her taking in her niece as nurse, in place of one who was leaving, and, as I knew that you, like me, have perfect confidence in her, I did not trouble you about it, being sure that you be as glad as I to do anything to gratify her. I have not been well enough to go over as usual since she came, and you must tell Miss Collingwood that, till this severe weather changes, she must not expect me. And, Guy, if you don't mind, you might take a basket of grapes and flowers with you. They are always so acceptable to the poor folk there."

"All right, mother!" the young man responded, rising. "Symonds can cut them while I get ready for my walk. Don't expect me home much before dinner-time, for, you know, I always like to have a cup of tea and a little flirtation with Miss Collingwood. By-the-way, Lady Monteith, how would she suit you for a daughter-in-law?"

"Excellently!" his mother laughed. "Will you bring her home with you, or shall I send my blessing now? She would keep you in order as I never can, not to mention that she would mend your stockings and make your porridge."

"And nurse me very tenderly when sick," added, Sir Guy, a little gravely. "She is a good woman and kind, and, if her niece is like her our patients are to be congratulated."

"You say truly," Lady Monteith responded heartily; "she is a lady to the core. You must give her my love, and tell her she must spare time to come and see me, as I cannot go to visit her. And ask her to bring her niece, who, she says, is a 'most estimable young person.'"

"On which occasion, anticipating very small beer, I shall fly to the arms of Lady Maud. For I know that a 'most estimable young person' in Miss Collingwood's eyes is tall and gaunt, with rasped elbow and a harsh voice, with a modicum of wiry hair, though doubtless with a largeness of heart that more than counterbalances bodily peculiarities. Now I am off to verify my description, and, if Miss Collingwood refuses me, to throw myself at the feet of Miss Collingwood's niece!"

CHAPTER VIII.

It was not a long walk from Guy's Towers to the hospital. The young man had built and endowed it some years before, to the endless gratitude of his poorer neighbors, and he never ceased to take a lively interest in its progress.

Notwithstanding the weather he had so abused, he could not but enjoy his short walk.

His way lay over the grass, and under the great trees of the park, the crisp white snow crackling under his feet and sparkling on the branches overhead.

The two great dogs running beside him, and tumbling over each other, and throwing the snow about in uncouth gambols, seemed to enjoy themselves as well as did their master.

"Down, Lusth! Down, Roy!" he said, as together they mounted the steps of the building. "Stay here, good dogs. Perhaps Miss Collingwood may ask you to come in at tea-time, as she generally does; but you must not follow your master's bad example and enter without invitation or notice."

He was shaking off the snow as he spoke, and, while the dogs dropped down upon their haunches with a disappointed whimper, turned the handle of the door and entered.

No one was in the long passage; but, familiar with the place and his surroundings, he did not stop to seek a guide.

With a firm, yet naturally light footstep, made still lighter by the thought of disturbing the sufferers, he passed from one corridor into another on his way to Miss Collingwood's room.

But at the threshold of one of the wards he paused, and his very heart seemed to stand still at the sound of a voice.

And as he listened, and all his being thrilled with the tones, the words of Geraint came like an inspiration to him—

"This, by God's grace, is the one voice for me!"

The low sweet song continued, and the young man stood there entranced, enthralled, oblivious of everything. Then it ceased, and it seemed to him that he had fallen from heaven to earth.

He waited for a few moments, while all was silence in the room, and then, with a violent effort, he pulled himself together, and moved a few steps forward.

He saw, by the light of a glorious fire, the long bare room he knew so well, with the row of white beds on either side, the faces on them lying in shadow.

Near one of them a girl was sitting, just where the pleasant firelight fell full upon her.

A plain gown of soft gray stuff shadowed the perfect outline of her figure, and a nurse's cap failed to hide the golden glints of her brown hair.

In her hands she held some coarse knitting; but she dropped it into her lap as she heard the advancing footstep.

At the sound, too, she turned her face full on the young man, and, though he remembered afterwards a strange look of apprehension he had noticed in the lovely eyes, the sight of it filled him with an overpowering sense of happiness, and completeness entered for the first time into his life, and he said to himself again, with Geraint—

"This, by God's rood, is the one face for me!"

She rose as he entered, and stood before him. She seemed the personification of virgin loveliness and purity.

"I must ask pardon for my intrusion," he began, blushing like a schoolboy, and scarcely knowing what to say in apology for entering his own premises unannounced. "But"—here he remembered the flowers and fruit he held, and trusted to them to plead his pardon—"but my mother sent these as a sub-titute for herself, and I—well, I combined the pleasure of bringing them to my friends here with the equal pleasure of seeing my other friend, Miss Collingwood."

"Your mother?" the girl said, looking up inquiringly.

"I am Guy Monteith," the young man answered simply; "and you?"

"I am Collie Marchmont—Miss Collingwood's niece and namesake; and I am your debtor, Sir Guy, for a happy home and an occupation I have already learned to—to love."

"You—you," he stammered, "Miss Collingwood's niece?"

He blushed more vividly than before at the thought of the ludicrous difference between the fancy picture and the real—real one.

Then his presence of mind returned to him, and he took her hand.

"It is I who am indebted to you," he said, "for filling an onerous post in such a way as to earn commendation on all sides. Only it makes one long to be ill, and wonder at the same time how it is possible to linger so when one listens to what I heard from the door yonder. If Orpheus could move stones and trees, surely you——"

A smile broke over her face.

"It is no part of a nurse's duty to listen to high-flown compliments, even—even from her employer, Sir Guy," she interrupted, "and indeed they are out of place. I love my work, and I love every patient who is included in it; and it is for them that I sing, not for secret listeners."

"By Jove, I envy them!" the young man responded, with great earnestness. "But now where and why are you going? This is your ward, I suppose?"

"It is; but I think I may safely leave it in your charge for a few minutes. I will go and find my aunt for you, Sir Guy. She, as lady superintendent of the establishment, is the proper one to receive all gifts of flowers, fruit, or—compliments; and she, as a woman of experience, knows exactly how to distribute to each patient or nurse the share each ought to have."

With a parting smile, she left him. He looked after her as if he could not bear to let her go out of his sight.

Then, when the sounds of her footfall had died away, he turned to the beds and began to speak to their inmates, with a kindly word for all.

And somehow with each the conversation turned on the new nurse. Each sufferer had something to say in praise of her patience, her sweetness, her tenderness. She had never a sharp word or a cross look for one of them, bless her!

She would toil night and day for them, would read, sing, write letters, tell stories, do anything to make them content and happy.

The days did not seem half so long since she had come; and wasn't she a lovely singer?

Love her? One and all would lay down life for her sake! In such conversation it was wonderful how the time passed till Miss Collingwood came bustling in.

"The sight of you is gude for sair een," she exclaimed, as she entered, holding out both her hands. "What an age it is since you have been to see us!"

Guy returned her warm grasp very heartily.

"You cover me with confusion," he declared; "and I don't know what to say to excuse myself."

"Then never heed about saying anything," the old lady replied. "We are too glad to see you again even to grumble about your absence."

"And how are things getting on, Miss Collingwood?"

"Fine, fine, Sir Guy, thanks to you and your lady mother! Though I say it who shouldn't, there isn't a better kept place in the whole country. It would be a shame for us if it weren't, with you and her so generous and grudging nothing."

"There, there, Miss Collingwood, we are more than rewarded by being able to help poor folk. What is our money given us for, if not to do some good with? By-the-way," he broke off abruptly, "I am glad to hear you have the company of your niece. Miss——"

"Collie, as she has aye been called, though her name's plain Collingwood like mine. Why, where is the lassie? Well, Sir Guy," she added confidentially, coming a little nearer; "as she tells about, I may tell you that I cannot think now how I got on before she came. She is as winsome and as helpful a bairn as ever I saw."

"I can quite believe it. But where has she gone? Is she making me a cup of that delicious tea to which you used to treat me?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

It was spiteful, but spitefulness cannot be legislated out of human nature. "Did you hear that Mrs. Smith is having her picture painted?" "You don't say so! That old thing!" "Yes, indeed; painted in oil." "Well I never! In oil? If she ever wants to have a good likeness she'll have to be painted in vinegar."

Scientific and Useful.

Belts and Pulleys.—Belts conveying power are very apt to slip on pulleys, but a new pulley has been devised to prevent this. The pulley is covered with perforated sheet-iron one-sixteenth of an inch thick, which is riveted to the pulley. The tension on the belt causes it to slightly grip the holes, and thus slipping is avoided, while at the same time the pulley is strengthened.

The Teeth.—Russian observations have shown that teeth decay in a quite regular order, the lower third molar being the first attacked, then the upper, then the lower fourth molar, and so on, the lower incisors and canine teeth being the last affected. Upper teeth, as a rule, are more durable than lower, right than left, those of dark persons than those of blondes, those of short persons than those of tall.

A Year Clock.—A novelty is a clock which is wound by electricity so that it will run a year, or until the battery concealed in the case will need renewing. Two small cells of the battery on the interior of the clock furnish electric current for a motor connected to the movements, when called upon by the closing of the circuit, every sixty minutes. The motive power of the clock is derived from the action of a fine spring, as in the ordinary clock, electricity acting in the capacity of a key to wind up just as much of the spring as that required to run the clock for the past sixty minutes.

Preserving Wood.—A plan recently introduced into Belgium for preserving wood from decay produced by the atmosphere, water, etc., is to fill the pores with liquid gutta-percha, which is said to perfectly preserve it from moisture and the action of the sun. The solid gutta-percha is liquefied by mixing it with paraffine in proportion, about two-thirds of gutta-percha to one-third of paraffine; the mixture is then subjected to the action of heat, and the gutta-percha becomes sufficiently liquid to be easily introduced into the pores of the wood. The gutta-percha liquefied by this process hardens in the pores of the wood as it becomes cold.

One Way to Resist Cold.—It is said that when exposed to severe cold a feeling of warmth is created by repeatedly filling the lungs to their utmost in this manner: Throw the shoulders well back and hold the head well up. Inflate the lungs slowly (the garments being loose), the air entering entirely through the nose. When the lungs are completely filled, hold the breath for ten seconds or longer, and then expire it quickly through the mouth. It is important for all to practice this exercise many times each day, especially when in the open air. If this habit becomes universal, lung diseases, and many others, will seldom be heard of. A permanent expansion of the chest of one, two, and even three inches, will eventually follow.

Farm and Garden.

For Vermin.—An ordinary rubber atomizer, which costs about $2, is an excellent article for spraying green-house plants when affected by plant lice.

The Liquids.—The liquids from the stables are from three to six times as valuable as the solid portions, and it pays to save such. The best mode of so doing is to use some kind of absorbent material.

Incubators.—Incubators are now established all over the country, and in experienced hands have been demonstrated as far superior to hens for hatching early broilers, as they can be put in operation at any time, thus enabling the operator to get the broilers into market at any period desired.

Composts.—As a rule, composts should be prepared a length of time before using in proportion to the roughness and coarseness of the materials. Not less than six weeks will be required under favorable circumstances for the average materials used in composting to become broken down by fermentation and decomposition, so as to permit of uniform mixing and easy distribution.

Clovers.—In summer swine graze and do well on clover, and, indeed, are perhaps as healthy and make as cheap and satisfactory growth on that food as any other. There is no reason why clover should not enter into the winter rations of swine. Sweet clover hay could be cut up into short lengths and fed wet, along with meal and bran, without much trouble and with the best of results.

Pomace.—There is a big cider-mill in Northwestern Pennsylvania, and the farmers around there cart away the pomace as soon as it is made to feed to their cows. One man began at once feeding a peck of pomace, night and morning to each cow, and noticed an immediate increase in the flow of milk. The cows kept increasing in milk and flesh as the ration of pomace was increased, which finally reached a bushel and a half per day.

Peas.—Those who have made the trial assert that the easiest and cheapest way to support peas is with three small galvanized wires stretched on stakes twenty feet apart, and at distances according to the size of the plants. Holes are made in the ground with a crowbar, and stakes two or three inches in diameter firmly driven in. On these the wires are stretched by passing once around in notches, or on stiff nails. Such a support is placed in less time than brush, and it will last or may be used for many years.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 10, 1888.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
(IN ADVANCE.)

1 Copy One Year $2 00
2 Copies One Year 3 00
4 Copies One Year, and One to getter-up of Club 5 00
10 Copies One Year, and One to getter-up of Club 10 00

Additions to Clubs can be made at any time during the year at same rate.

It is not required that all the members of a Club be at the same postoffice.

Remit by Postal Order, Postal Note, Draft, Check, or Registered Letter.

Always enclose postage for correspondence requiring separate reply, to insure response.

Advertising rates furnished on application.

Address all letters to

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Publication Office, 728 Sansom St.

Prophets of Misery.

There are certain people who are ever looking on the dark side of things and predicting evil and misery. Who are they? They are men soured by failure, jaundiced with envy, swollen with a tumor of conceit, or poisoned by the vapors of an unsound digestion. They are the men whose illusions of youth are gone, and who, because they have been discouraged, believe that they have been deceived. Accordingly they act out their lives with a melancholy resignation that is contagiously depressing, or mount upon the house-tops and shriek against destiny.

They are the men who picture the world as a shadowy, plague-haunted valley, through which we grope and stumble to an open grave. They open a book only to skip the bright pages and to dwell upon the gloomy. In a garden, radiant with color and breathing the sweetest perfumes, they see nothing but the fallen leaf and the blight, smell only decay and rottenness. They are the wasps of humanity, sucking poison from the flower that yields honey to the bee.

The habit of looking on the dark side blinds them to the light, until, like the noble, who passed his youth and manhood within dungeon walls, and was released only at the age of 80, they beg to be taken out of the sunshine and to be permitted to pass the rest of their days in beloved darkness.

If our despondents were content with their own martyrdom, all might be well. Unhappily, they must have disciples and victims. "I'll larn yer to be a frog!" and Rodger thereupon hood the unlucky reptile to pieces. With something of the same spirit do our misery-mongers behave towards the man who dares to regard this as the best of all possible worlds. "I'll teach you to be happy!" and forthwith is put before him a gruesome panorama of woe and want, failure and feebleness.

Does he live in the country: he is informed, with elaborate unpleasantness, of the evil effects of natural drainage, and the microscope is called in aid to show that in the waters of the mossy spring lurk death and disease. Does he live in the city: he is warned that after three generations his race becomes extinct.

The microbe, or germ, is added to the terrors of life. An innocent delight in preserved meats and fruits is tortured into a taste for potted death. Some physicians appear to have found a new mission in life—to remove every smiling face.

But, it may be urged, these misery-mongers act with the best intentions. The road to a certain place is paved with such intentions. To knock a man into a ditch, and then to excuse yourself with the plea that you did it for the best, is to be as considerate and consistent as was the captain who, on landing, boasted that he had left the whole ship's company the happiest fellows in the world. "How so?" asked his friend. "Why, I have just flogged seventeen, and they are happy it is over, and all the rest are happy they have escaped."

It may be possible to make some men contented by contrasting their condition with that of less fortunate creatures; but you cannot make them happy by this process any more than did the Spartans owe the sobriety of their citizens to the slaves whom they made drunk by way of spectacular warning.

Men may be made happy by contrasts, but not by contrasts that excite pity. "In traveling by night," says a well-known author, "we get glimpses into cheerful-looking rooms, with the light blazing in them, and we conclude involuntarily how happy the inmates must be. Our conclusion may be wrong. There may be heaven in those rooms, or there may be hell, yet are we made happy by the reflection of another's appearance of happiness."

How are we to deal with our misery-mongers? The story is told of a party of French ladies and gentlemen, driving in two coaches from Versailles to Paris, that they were overtaken by a violent storm. On alighting, the occupants of the first coach wished to compare notes with the occupants of the second as to the severity of the tempest. What was their surprise on learning that those who rode in the second coach had no knowledge of the storm.

The truth was that Madame de Staël, by her wit, had fascinated her companions and made them oblivious of their outward circumstances; while in the first coach sat one of those pleasant gentlemen who seized upon the storm as an excuse for raking up all the stories he had ever heard of death by lightning and drowning.

Herein lies the secret of how to deal with our despondents. Avoid their company, and ride only with those who take a cheerful view of life.

If, however, fate has put you into the same coach with one of these creatures, then must you cultivate that form of courage upon which too little value is apt to be placed—the courage to be happy in spite of them.

No one should underrate the inevitable sorrows of life, nor deny to them the sympathy and loving aid which should ever be extended to them; but permanent misery cannot be regarded with very much respect. It certainly speaks of grave defects in character, of faults that need pruning away, of feeble qualities that need stimulating. Life is largely what we make it, and, whatever may be its clouds and storms, they will be chased away at length by the clear sunshine of a strong and noble character. "Fill thy heart with goodness, and thou wilt find that the world is full of good."

It is noticeable how intuitively in age we go back with a strange fondness to all that is fresh in the earliest dawn of youth. If we never cared for little children before, we delight to see them roll in the grass over which we hobble on crutches. The grandsire turns wearily from his middle-aged, care-worn son, to listen with infant laugh to the prattle of an infant grandchild. It is the old who plant young trees; it is the old who are most saddened by the autumn, and feel most delight in the returning spring.

Most of the alienation and ill-feeling that poison domestic and social life come from a spirit of intolerance, fortified by ignorance. People resent small wrongs and hasty words, and visit upon them bitter reproaches and petty revenges, thus stirring up anger and animosity. If they would only acquire the habit of looking for the causes of the irritation, they would find themselves in a calmer and a gentler mood, and better able to give that "soft answer which turneth away wrath."

He to whom his family and his home are only cares and duties, whose heart does not spring to them with gladness when toil is over, may be sure that all is not right with him. He is certainly to be pitied, for he loses the purest and noblest joy that can fill the intervals of life, and the best preparation and motive for its labor. Indeed the affections are perhaps the most potent forces in making leisure a blessing.

Skeletons there must and will be in every cupboard; but the most hideous specimen of the kind is family ill-will. No country can prosper with civil war gnawing at its heart; and a house divided against itself must sooner or later inevitably come to grief. Tact and worldly wisdom will go far towards the prevention of family jars; but kindliness, mutual forbearance and self-control will go still farther.

The gifts of knowledge enable a man to enjoy all he sees. Every one can redeem himself from that animal life which is a living death. The object of education is to make the most of life, by which is meant not the attainment of mere worldly success, but an esteem for what is really good, a desire to benefit one's fellow-men, and above all to find a real peace with God.

In order to gain self-control we must study ourselves, especially as to our weak points of character, and aim to conquer specific modes or habits of evil to which we are prone. The apostle speaks of "the sin which doth so easily beset us;" and every one who is accustomed to study his heart, finds some point at which Satan works with special facility.

Knowledge does not comprise all which is contained in the large term of education. The feelings are to be disciplined, the passions are to be restrained; true and worthy motives are to be inspired; a profound religious feeling is to be instilled, and pure morality inculcated under all circumstances. All this is comprised in education.

Thy love shall chant itself its own beatitudes, after its own life working. A child-kiss, set on thy sighing lips, shall make thee glad; a poor man, served by thee, shall make thee rich; a rich man, helped by thee, shall make thee strong; thou shalt be served thyself by every sense of service which thou renderest.

Read not books alone, but men, and amongst them chiefly thyself; if thou find anything questionable there, use the commentary of a severe friend, rather than the gloss of a sweet lipped flatterer. There is more profit in a distasteful truth than deceitful sweetness.

It is no small commendation to manage a little well. He is a good wagoner who can turn in a little room. To live well in abundance is the praise of the estate not of the person. I will study more how to give a good account of my little than how to make it more.

As the rose-tree is composed of the sweetest flowers and the sharpest thorns; as the heavens are sometimes fair and sometimes overcast, alternately tempestuous and serene; so is the life of man intermingled with hopes and fears, with joys and sorrows, with pleasures and with pains.

The avoidance of little evils, little sins, little inconsistencies, little weaknesses, little follies, indiscretions and imprudences, little foibles, little indulgences of self and of the flesh; the avoidance of such little things as these goes far to make up, at least, the negative beauty of a holy life.

A virtuous and well-disposed person is like good metal—the more he is fired, the more he is fined; the more he is opposed, the more he is approved. Wrongs may well try him and touch him, but they cannot imprint on him any false stamp.

As the musician straineth his strings, and yet he breaketh none of them, but maketh thereby a sweeter melody and better concord, so God, through affliction, makes his own better unto the fruition and enjoying of the life to come.

Faith depends on the state of our hearts. It may be smothered by the lusts of other things in the soul. It may be undermined by an evil conscience. A life of prayerlessness will lead to the extinction of faith.

Do to day's duty, fight to-day's temptation, and do not weaken and distract yourself by looking forward to things which you cannot see, and could not understand if you saw them.

The World's Happenings.

A canary at Sacramento is 18 years old.

This country has just half the railroads of the world.

Rich Chinamen of San Francisco carry jeweled revolvers.

A Knightville, Me., family have moved 67 times in the last 18 years.

A raw egg, if swallowed in time, will effectually detach a fishbone in the throat.

A Massachusetts preacher has been dismissed by his congregation because he used tobacco.

Paper money in Peru is now used to light cigarettes with. The currency collapse is complete.

The average salary of the ministers of the Southern Presbyterian Church last year was only $552.

A very red-headed citizen of Atchison, Kansas, says that when a boy he had the scarlet fever and it settled in his hair.

In some sections of Maine the doctors have been compelled to put on snow-shoes in order to make their rounds of visits.

"Johnson, Gallup & Harry" is given as the name of a New York firm, which is said to be a busy and enterprising concern.

An enterprising fruit vender in Lancaster, Pa., now roasts peanuts in a cylinder driven by a one-eighth horse power electric motor.

A young man in Brooklyn, N. Y., has 2 grandfathers, 2 grandmothers, 2 great-grandfathers and four great-grandmothers living.

Senator Farwell, of Illinois, has an income of $700 a day. It has not been many years since he was working in Chicago for $8 a month.

A man who was arrested in Omaha for begging wore 3 pairs of trousers, 3 vests, 3 coats, 3 shirts, and had 2 hats, two of them being in his pockets.

"Continued "meowing" at night has evidently had its effect upon energetic citizens in Orlando, Fla., as 57 cats have been poisoned there in one week.

There is no longer any ground for speaking of the mule as "indestructible," one of them near Milledgeville, Ga., having been gored to death by a bull.

A house in New Jersey which had been kept insured for 20 years burned up the other day between the lapse of one policy and the taking out of another.

"The Letter that Never Came" is the title of a recent song. An appropriate companion piece for it would be "The Letter that Never Went"—viz., the letter given by the wife to the husband to mail.

If the door creaks, and you can't get oil, and can get a soft lead pencil, rub the point into all the crevices of the hinges and the creaking will cease. Even if you can get oil, the black lead is neater.

The Rev. Mr. Root, of Auburn, Me., a Yale man, is credited with saying: "President Dwight, of Yale College, is the only man I ever knew who could sit with his boots in the air and be a gentleman."

In an Elko, Cal., hotel a man put $5,000 under his pillow for safety and forgot it when he went away in the morning. It remained there safely for three days, notwithstanding two strangers slept in the room meantime.

A story comes from Danbury, Conn., that an aged couple have been found in that place in a destitute condition, their children, 14 in number, having deserted them, although the father is blind and the mother paralyzed.

It has been ascertained that, free as light and air are, there are over 27,000 families in the city of Paris inhabiting apartments having no other openings than a door, and at least 60,000 families in the city of London reside in cellars.

An immense owl was observed by some sportsmen on a perch in East Galena, Ill., and despite several well directed shots the bird did not fall nor even move in the slightest. On examination it was learned that the bird was dead and frozen to the perch.

At a recent trial for hog stealing in Mt. Pleasant, Texas, the Court declared that the marks by which the animal could be identified had not been clearly described to the jury, and the hog was thereupon brought in and placed in the witness-box on exhibition.

The city authorities of Tucson, Arizona, have offered a prize of $100 to the boy who will plant the largest number of young trees within the city limits before the Fourth of July next. The presentation will be made a feature of the Independence Day celebration.

A tall women entered the Erie depot at Jersey City the other day and, announcing herself to be Queen Victoria, started in to hug and kiss every man she met. Afterwards it was learned that the Queen was on her way from Bellevue Hospital to the Middletown Asylum.

A negro church sexton in Louisville, whose fascination for poker led him to fit up a playing room in the church tower, now has more time on his hands than he can profitably dispose of. His actions were discovered by the congregation and he was immediately dismissed.

Kansas has more odd newspaper names than any other State. Here are a few of them: The Wano Rustler, Chesterville Paralyzer, Cherokee Cyclone, Cimarron Sod House, Lake City Prairie Dog, South Centre Bazoo, Valley Falls Lucifer, Garden City Bundle of Sticks.

When a horse falls into a hole in the ice, after he is rescued, says an exchange, the down-east ice cutters pour brandy down his throat, rub him down well and put him in a warm stable. One old horse fell in four times in one week. Whenever the brandy was poured into him he just seemed to sigh with deep satisfaction. The stable boss concluded the animal got into the water purposely to secure the brandy and put him at another job.

I WONDER WHETHER?

BY RITA.

I wonder whether, some sweet day
When all the clouds have passed away
From our dark lives of strifes and sours,
To change the sad to gladsome hours,
The Fates will make her mine for aye?

And there will shine a golden ray
Of love so good, so glad, so gay,
Across our path, and only ours—
I wonder whether?

And cares that now hold tyrant-sway
Will pale and pale, and then grow gray,
And lose their old tyrannic pow'rs,
And die forgotten in the flow'rs—
The joy that makes it always May—
I wonder whether?

Winning a Bride.

BY LUCY FARMER.

"CHARLEY," said I, one morning pretty early, "do you know what the twenty-fifth of September is?"

"What it is?" he replied, quite careless-like. "What of it?"

"What of it, Charley?"—Don't you know it's our wedding-day? The twenty-fifth of September we were married."

"I thought it was the twenty-ninth," says Charley, smiling; "it ought to have been, if it wasn't. Well, Lucy, I won't contradict you, girl; and, as I said, what of it?"

A child could have flounced me then. Our own seventh wedding-day, and he to say, "What of it?" I could ha' cried, only I wasn't goin' to let Charley see any such weakness. So I only said—

"If you're such a stupid as not to know you've been married seven years, Charley Farmer, perhaps you'll take my word for it."

I was put out; and no wonder! Any one with the feelings of a woman would have been. Charley is sometimes very provokin', too. This time he said, with a joerin' kind of tone—what he calls "dry"—

"Oh, I know it well, Lucy; I don't deny the impeachment; but I was surprised, greatly surprised, when you said seven years, my dear! If you had said four or five——"

"What, Charley, and the boy just six! Get out with you! Well, do be sensible now for a minute. Listen to me for once." He smiled again, but I took no notice. "Charley," says I, very solemn, "the seventh year is a lucky year. The twenty-fifth is a lucky day, so old Rachael says. Mr. Martyn-Henry's overseer, Mr. Strong, has been here. Well, he has asked us to go and pay a visit to him and his wife—Polly Meek, you remember her; and I vote we go on the twenty-fifth, which is a Saturday, and remain until Monday or Tuesday, if Mrs. Cardewe will let us off."

"She'll let us off, right enough," said Charley. "Shall we bring the young uns?"

"Of course. Fancy me leaving Charley there, or little Dolly either, although Charley is six, as you forgot."

"Well, then, I'll ask Mrs. Cardewe, and send a line to Strong and his missus. That's only polite. We shall enjoy the change for a while; and Wenton Hall is a pretty place, I'm told. Bless me! Lucy, the fete is on Monday the 27th, I declare—the yeomanry fete."

"Fete, you mean, Charley. It's French. Yes, I knew the fete was to be, so I thought you'd like to go and see the soldiers' games."

"Capital, Lucy! I declare we'll have a regular honeymoon again—it will be like old times."

"Not with the two children, bless them! But we've got them, honey or no honey; and they're as good as gold!" I had to kiss them both after that, and so had Charley; though he does it oftenest when he thinks I don't see him; I'm sure it's nothing to be ashamed of!

The day came, the twenty-fifth of September, a lovely, warm autumn day. Oh, it was delicious as we drove through the pine-woods, me and Charley in front, and young Charley and his sister sitting behind in the trap, with the foot-board closed up.

They couldn't see much, poor things, but they were wrapped up and eating sweeties a'most all the way, and didn't care much for scenery.

Wenton Hall is certainly a lovely place. It's in Dorsetshire, and is surrounded with grass-land.

There are drives through the park and some fine trees in it, and people often walk across from the town over the fields; and from the major's gate in the hedge the view of the old town, with its chestnut avenues and old church, the new prison, and the ancient Roman camp, is very lovely of its kind.

We drove across country, and reached Mr. Strong's house in the afternoon. We had a hearty welcome from them, and though Polly rather turned up her nose at the children, having none of her own—which is perhaps a mercy—we were all very comfortable.

This was Saturday, and on the Sunday we went to church morning and afternoon; and in the evening we took a walk round the park and away off towards the high ground, where we could see the blue sea.

"Are the mines yonder?" inquired Charley.

"Yes," replied Mr. Strong, "they're yonder. We don't do much now."

"Hallo," whispered Charley to me, "here's a fine young lady! Who's she, I wonder? Is she a visitor?"

"No; a friend. She's a Miss Mather, one of our belles, and a great friend of Mrs. Henry's. Every one wants to marry her, but old Rachael here says she will be saved from a great peril and marry her preserver."

"Does old Rachael still tell hand-fortunes?" I asked.

"She does," replied Polly Strong. "She told mine as true as true!"

"And Major Williamson's too, Polly," remarked her husband. "Do you remember the bazaar where old Rachael told his lines? He was to go through death's door to his love!"

"Yes; Major Williamson is staying here now," said Polly; and then the conversation about old Rachael and her palmistry drooped, though I am free to confess I think she was very clever with it, and never took money.

The Sunday passed quietly. Monday came, light and sunny.

The sports, the yeomanry sports, were to begin at one o'clock. Long before that time people came trooping up across the fields, and plenty of ladies and gentleman rode out on horseback.

Mr. Strong knew all the grandees, and he pointed them out to us.

"Look, Lucy Farmer, there's Mr. Easton and his beautiful daughter. Isn't she haughty-looking? but you should see her riding to hounds! There's Captain Franks—fine man, isn't he? and such a lovely place of it, eh! Look, here's the Miss Mathers with Captain Williamson and Mr. Mathers—captain he is, I'm told. There's the governor—he looks a soldier, don't he, Lucy? He's the prison governor up town. There, he's chatterin' with Miss Brightstone—isn't she pretty?—you can hear his laugh over here! There they come on the horses—that's a gentleman from London, the one in knickerbockers, an army soldier, so are his friends. There's the great book-writer, Mr. Softly—lives in the red house yonder, see."

I nodded. We were sitting in the trap and could see splendidly.

"Those two young ladies coming near us are the prettiest of all," I said.

"They're the Miss Mathers—isn't the youngest one lovely? Look at her eyes!"

"Give me the other, Mr. Strong. There's a fine face for you, and such a figure. Oh, isn't she a beauty! What's her name?"

"I don't rightly know. Daisy I have heard her called in private when I've been in-doors; Margaret, I suppose."

It was certainly a very pretty sight. There were races, or rather hurdle-races, jumping prizes, tent-pegging, tilting at the ring, sword and lance play, and single-stick on horseback.

A large space—it was a portion of the park—was set aside for the tilting and pegging; and altogether it was very enjoyable.

As we were watching the sports, Captain Williamson and Miss Susan Mather came up near us. They were chatting very pleasantly, although she seemed rather shy, and so did her horse.

"Charley," said I, in a whisper, "I wouldn't be on that chestnut for something. Look at his ears."

"Oh, he's quiet enough," replied Charley. "You look at the sports, and never mind the ladies and gentlemen."

But I couldn't help it. The yeomanry men were tilting at the ring, down the hill, which faced towards the sea, which was a long way off; and as each man thundered down the turf, Miss Susan's horse pricked up his ears and got fidgety. You know what that means. Her sister's little mare got fidgety too, and Captain Williamson's big black horse pawed the ground until he had made a regular burrow under him.

Sometimes the yeomen couldn't pull up, and then they dashed down between the lines of carriages like the Bengal Lancer in Miss Thompson's picture who has "missed,' and which we have hanging in our little room at home.

After one of these bursts there was a cry, and then a shout—then a roar and a trampling of hoofs, and before you could say tom-tit, away dashed Miss Mather's horse.

Charley, with the greatest presence of mind, jumped out of the trap and caught Miss Susan's bridle, or her animal would have been off too.

Oh! it makes me quite sick-like to see the tall, beautiful young lady at racing pace away over the turf, and Captain Williamson hot-foot after her.

Major Martyn-Henry, he roars out, "Stop, all of you! don't hunt her down"—and then he, with the other gentlemen, went off, while the yeomanry men formed up and kept back the crowd.

It was terrible. Mr. Strong turned the trap, and drove to the top of the knoll, which he knew would enable us to see far down the slopes. And, oh! I could scarcely look.

There was the young lady flying away, her hat off, her habit streaming out, the horse racing like mad upon the turf, and Captain Williamson dashing after her like a madman too.

"Mercy on us!" screamed Mrs. Strong, though she never was that by nature—"Mercy on us, she'll fall into the old shaft! She's headin' right for it. Oh, Mr. Farmer, whatever shall we do?"

Many of those around knew her danger, and many a prayer I heard for her. "God help her!" said the men. "Heaven preserve her!" cried the women, all under their breath. We couldn't speak out.

"There, there! look—she sinks, she's down!"

"No, she isn't!" cried Strong. "I can't stand this; get along, mare;" and he lashed the animal down the hill.

Others did the same: yeomanry, ladies, and gentlemen; some hundreds on foot, in carriages, on horseback, in traps of all kinds, started off—all but Mrs. Martyn-Henry and two grooms.

She drove to the house for brandy or wine, or anything that might be wanted; and sent the grooms on horseback for doctors, with orders to put the doctors on the horses, and walk back themselves. "Miss Gladys," as we still called her, between ourselves, was the most sensible woman there, though I had whispered to Charley to go for a doctor, myself. Of course he didn't; he was too anxious to see the end.

We drove a long way, and came near the old shaft. The ground shelved down, the late wet weather had caused a slip too, and a mass of earth and grass, and stones and rubbish, and what so no one said was "deborah," or something like that, slid down into the great hole in the side of the hill, and Miss Mather, horse and all, had been swallowed up in the tunnel of the mine!

It was awful, and we cried like babies, some of us. Oh! I was thankful I had left the children at the Strong's house, for I was no better than a baby myself.

I shall never forget the awful silence for a few minutes, and then Captain Williamson and Major Martyn-Henry called for pickaxes and men.

I hid my face on Charley's shoulder, and cried like a child. Poor Miss Mather!

* * * * * *

Amongst all the sobbing, tearful faces, amid all the stern-looking men, one young lady was as calm outwardly as marble, and indeed she looked like it. This was Miss Susan Mather, who was sitting on her little horse; her father was standing by her, and Charley had offered to hold the spare horse.

"My good fellow," said Captain Mather—a fine, tall, pleasant-spoken gentleman he is—"is there any respectable woman you know, who will attend to my daughter?"

"Yes, sir," says Charley; "my wife, sir, well known to the major and Mrs. Henry, will see after the young lady, and proud to wait on her."

But others came, ladies in carriages, and begged Miss Susan to dismount and ride with them. But she wouldn't.

Her beautiful clear eyes were fixed on the tunnel-shaft, which they said sloped down, down to the mine, which ran even under the sea! She knew that.

Poor young lady, I did pity her, and made so bold as to speak to her. She only shook her head, but never said a word.

"Mr. Strong," said I, as an idea crossed my mind, "wherever does this mine end?"

"In the Channel," he says, "a long way under the water; and worst of all, which some don't know—but I do, only I daren't tell it—it's flooded at high water, for there's a hole we blastered in mistake in the cliff, and every tide tons of water breaks in, so we had to give it up—not that it was ever as much good as the old ones nearer the Manor, you know."

"But, Mr. Strong, why can't the young lady come up, then? If there's a hole, surely she can be seen?"

"Mrs. Farmer, we're old friends, but you'll pardon me a-sayin' you're speaking rubbish, ma'am."

"Rubbish yourself! I'll tell Captain Williamson; he is at any rate a man, and is doin' somethin', not lazing away his time in gossip, and gazing at vacancies like a stuck pig!"

"If it's my husband"—began that Polly Strong; but I walked off and spoke to the captain, and said I—

"If you'll listen to me, sir, we may save the young lady yet, sir."

"Listen to you! I'll give you fifty pounds if you'll show me a chance of saving her alive."

"If the tide's out, sir, we may. Get Strong, the overseer, and Major Martyn-Henry, and my husband, and a few more men, sir, and we'll try."

"What are you about?" whispered Charley; "you'll be putting your foot in it again. Lucy, this is no time for experiments!"

"Charley," says I, "I'm no fool, whatever you may think. Now, is the tide in or out?"

"Out! out!" shouted the men. "Why!"

"Why? Ask Mr. Strong; he knows an opening into the mine yonder. Make him go."

He didn't want any making, I will say. He suddenly seemed to brighten up, and ran as fast as he could to the cliff, some hundred yards away. We looked after him, and then we heard him calling for a rope.

Hitch, slip, a dozen bridles were hitched off in two minutes. Those yeomanry never stripped for the "Coat-race" as quick as that, I know.

"There's the hole!" cried Mr. Strong. "It's a rare bad spot; but it leads direct to the mine."

"Volunteers!" shouted Major Henry.

"I go first and alone!" shouted Captain Williamson; "after me, who pleases; but I go first. I will resent any interference."

We all understood him. No one replied.

In half a minute his coat, waistcoat, and braces were off, and he was being fastened up underneath the shoulders with a bridle—reins were to be had in plenty—and almost as soon as I can tell you, Captain Williamson was going to what seemed certain death.

He would not wait for any one. Then Strong volunteered, and Miss Susan—bless her handsome pale face!—rode up with six carriage candles.

"There are more coming," she gasped.

She was cheered all round. No one else had remembered the candles—there were matches in plenty. The captain and Strong had been let down; then three other men, with more candles; then others—every one wanted to go—but the major said "Enough!"

By this time, as we ascertained afterwards, a number of men had collected at the entrance to the tunnel and began to dig and throw away the rubbish and clay and "deborah," whatever that means, from the side of the hill.

So the search was proceeding at both ends. The suspense was awful. We women could do nothing but say what we would do when the young lady came up.

Then I began to think of old Rachael and her prediction about the palmistry, and I felt sure—though, of course, no one could be actually sure—that they would both be saved.

So the time passed. Every minute seemed half an hour, and I suppose nearly three-quarters of an hour had really passed when the men at the pit-hole called out, "There's some one pulling the rope!"

All hands then buckled to and made ready. A faint kind of shout came up, and feeling a tug, the men pulled gradually, steadily, one behind the other in a long line, and with a "Yo, heave ho!" in time, like sailors.

Some had put their coats inside the hole so as to prevent the reins from cutting, and by degrees a figure was hauled up. Oh, horrible! horrible!

A lady! all torn and bleeding; her riding-habit wrenched nearly off; her boots clean cut as with a knife; her face as white as a sheet, on Captain Williamson's arm.

He was gripping the reins with one hand, and I could see his bones actually coming through his skin with the terrible grip he held.

When he got landed we had to cut the

reins and leave the piece clenched in his grasp. He couldn't open his hand; and when he sat down he fainted away.

"He's dead!" shrieked some silly women. "He's dead!"

"He is not!" shouted a gentleman. "Keep quiet, can't you? Come, bear a hand, some of you lasses, and be of use."

I was ready in a minute. We bathed his face, and by slow degrees got his hand unclenched.

Miss Mather was carried away in a carriage to the Hall, alive, but terribly injured, we feared. Such a fine, bright, brave girl she was, too. It seemed a thousand pities she should be disfigured.

As soon as Captain Williamson came to his senses he asked for her. We told him Miss Mather was safe and carried home. Then he was quiet, and said, "Did I save her?"

"Yes," replied the young doctor—for the gentleman was a doctor—"you have saved her life."

I wondered how he knew. I looked very much astonished, and asked him about it.

"Hold your tongue, you stupid woman!" said he. "Don't you see we must keep up his spirits? He will sink if we don't. He's nearly exhausted, as it is."

"Stupid! Was I? Well, I found out the old shaft, anyway," I muttered.

I then turned away, and went across to Charley as soon as Captain Williamson had been removed.

We mounted into the trap and drove back. As we passed the landslip we found that the men had managed to perforate the debris and had penetrated into the long sloping tunnel in the hill which led to the workings.

We looked in and saw, or fancied we saw, how the accident had happened.

The galloping horse had trodden on the rotten bank, the ground had given way and fallen in a mass, shooting the animal and his rider into the mouth of the tunnel. Most fortunately Miss Mather had been thrown off—flung clear of the horse and the clay and stones—upon the tram-road in the tunnel.

Down this she had slid for several yards, and had fallen at last some five feet down a cutting at the side.

Had she continued in a forward direction she would have tumbled down the old shaft to the bottom of the mine, and would have been killed. Her groans guided the men to the spot, and she was saved.

Captain Williamson had brain fever. He was very ill for several weeks, but at length recovered. Miss Mather made a wonderful recovery, too, and after she got about again, I was sent for to Wenton Hall, where she was staying, and where Captain Williamson was also being nursed.

I was introduced to her as she was seated in a study, looking at a picture she was painting. I could not help looking at the picture as I entered.

Her back was towards me, and I had a good stare at it. I declare it was the "Haunted Wood" of Scarsdale, where I had been many a time as a child. I could not help calling out, and then Miss Margaret turned round.

"Mrs. Farmer?" she said.

"That is me, miss," said I; "and right glad to see you up and about again."

"Thank you," she said. "Now, Mrs. Farmer, do you remember what Captain Williamson said before he went into that terrible shaft?"

"Yes, miss; he said no one but him should save you."

"I don't mean that," she replied, with a blush. "I mean something about a reward——"

"Oh! he said he'd give me some money if I could help him to rescue you, miss; but of course one thinks nothing about that."

(I had thought of it, though, I must confess—for clothes are getting dearer, I believe.)

"Well, he has thought of it; and here is a note for you. Take it, please. Now come and tell me how you like my picture."

"It's beautiful, miss; the very place; it's the 'Haunted Wood' itself. I remember it well. I could tell you a story about that!"

"Oh, do!" she cried, "I love a mystery. But first let me tell you that this picture is for you and your husband in recognition of your kindness. Will you accept it? Captain Williamson and I both wish it."

"Thank you, miss, a hundred times; you are most kind; and may you and the captain be a very happy couple. God bless you!"

"I pray it may be so," she said softly. "I am sure we shall be happy, Mrs. Farmer. I hope I deserve to be his wife."

DON'T LEND YOUR KARS.—The wiles of the criminal classes are often so ingenious that I can't help believing that if those who practice them were to turn their energies into other courses they would attain no small need of honor and fame.

Some little time ago, for example, a burglar was caught red-handed in a strong-room, opening a safe with a key that could not have been more perfect had it been supplied by the maker of the lock. The man, after having been convicted, was asked to say how he had obtained the key. "Nothing easier," he replied. "We knew who carried the key and what it was like, so me and my pals got into the same railway carriage with your manager when he was going home one day. One of us had a bag which he couldn't open. 'Has any gentleman a key?' he asked. Your manager produced his bunch, and my pal, who had wax in his palm, while appearing to open his bag, took a likeness key of the safe. There's the secret for you."

Old Willis' Money.

BY MRS. M. M. LEWIS.

IT was ten o'clock, and the sun came streaming through the long windows of the old fashioned room that Emma Gordon was busily engaged in dusting.

It was rather a pleasant room, built in the upper part of a storehouse, the lower story of which was still rented for that purpose by her grandfather.

But Aaron Richardson, her grandfather had failed long ago, so that even this storehouse was mortgaged to Samuel Willis, or "Old Sam," as he was called by those who never ceased wondering how he laid his hands on so much.

Samuel owned the great boiler factory which fenced in their storehouse, and in fact he had his capacious hand on almost the whole of that retired, outlandish neighborhood.

But Emma was not thinking of Mr. Willis' prosperity, but of a more fruitful subject; sixteen years old to-day, her grandfather very old, and what was to become of her when he was gone? Were not these sad prospects?

As she was musing thus she heard the sound of whistling. It proceeded from Mr. Willis' new clerk Arthur, she knew; in some way related to him she believed, yet so distantly, they had nothing in common but the name of Willis. Emma blushed, but the lad bowed and smiled and disappeared from the window. After this Arthur would re-appear to bow and smile, and this continued for a long time, but there is always sure to come a time when young people exchange words instead of bows and smiles at these childlike, stolen interviews.

Arthur "commenced it" by begging a little bunch of geraniums and ear-drops, and because he could not reach them from the factory windows, took occasion to call upon Emma and her grandfather.

One day the latter said to Emma abruptly:

"You know Mr. Willis told me he was getting old and rheumatic and had no one to care for him but his housekeeper; and I says that wasn't the case here, and that I had you, my dear," Emma grew more attentive as her grandfather proceeded, "but I had no money."

"'Well, old Willis,' says he, 'isn't that odd; each of us wants what the other has got. Suppose we make a bargain as they do on 'change; you give me Emma and I will give money enough for you and her. A home is just what I need for her,' says I, 'and she isn't the girl to refuse a good offer.' So Em, you see the compact's complete and he will come here to-morrow."

We cannot wonder that Emma was silent and considerably indignant when he added:

"Mr. Willis offered to settle $20,000 on you in your own name and he has no relations nearer than Arthur."

Emma brightened; to her reflective mind the gift of $20,000 might atone for a great deal of attention from Mr. Willis, and were they not poor, so poor?

So the affair was consummated, the gift papers signed, and a private marriage took place between the maid and this man of sixty, without Arthur being told anything of the matter.

One morning he resolved to ascertain whether rumor was to be relied upon; it was the morning on which Emma was to go to her new home; he called to her from the factory window.

"There aren't many girls who would act as you have done."

"There aren't many who would have had the opportunity," she retorted, angry in her turn.

"That's true, Arth," struck in Aaron, "let me tell you few middle-aged gentlemen act as my friend here. I say give a good girl a good chance, ha! ha!" and the grandfather laughed for his share in the project.

"You see the condition of things," observed old Willis who now came upon the scene and sought to shift it to his own advantage, "she will not change from me to you for the worth of all your talk. Don't be a fool and stand in your own light."

"I tell you, Mr. Willis," returned Arthur, scarcely knowing what words he used in his confusion, "I'll marry no woman but Mrs. Willis."

"Very well, sir, very well, you'll have to wait a while yet," and with these words and a flourish of his marriage certificate, Mr. Willis would gladly conclude, but Aaron, hearing Arthur's despairing sigh at the sight of the paper, added:

"Take my advice and make the best of it."

At this juncture Arthur feeling like a victim among so many counselors was about to depart, when Mr. Willis, the elder, wheeling him back so as to face Emma, bade the two make friends. As he looked into her calm face shaded by the dark blonde hair it was impossible to be very angry with Emma.

So things went on for months, then Arthur suddenly announced his intention of going to Japan on a long commercial voyage. Emma had heard of this Japanese voyage for some weeks and supposed that Mr. Throckmorton, the manager would be selected for this post.

To this man Emma had conceived what Mr. Willis termed an unreasonable aversion. In regard to Arthur's trip, Mr. Willis declared Throckmorton informed him that Arthur requested to go in his place, and when closely questioned by the old housekeeper and herself, to this statement Arthur offered no denial.

He represented that the position of foreign agent was both agreeable and profitable, and should he become wearied of the Japs he would travel about and visit all parts of the world. Finally, and this was on the day of his departure, he promised to write often and let Mrs. Willis know how he was coming on. But whether the writing was for her own or Mrs. Willis' benefit, Meg had no time to inquire. One thing was certain, Arthur would soon be far away on the ocean and might not see them again in many, many years.

Meg belonged to that small but earnest sect who are called Millerites, from constantly looking forward to the Earth's coming to an end; yet she, inured as she was to a contemplation of the awful and supernatural, was totally unprepared for the revelations of the ensuing day.

* * * * * *

At 11 A. M. Mr. Willis was found dead, reclining in his office chair.

He was in the habit of going to the factory at 10 A. M., returning, lunching, and again going to his office. But when the rush of business was urgent he would remain until 11:30 or even 12. His family did not miss him, therefore, at 11.

A coroner's jury was summoned and as they did not know what cause to assign, brought in a verdict of heart disease; there was an intimation of poison, but the intimation was abandoned.

Emma dreaded publicity; still Mr. Willis had shown no trace of the disease, and she was not satisfied.

Arthur's sudden disappearance and the fact that he did not acquaint them with the name of the steamer or the line upon which he was to sail, looked like evidence against him.

Could the youth from jealousy, from envy, from any cause whatever have been base enough to commit the crime?

She shuddered at the thought, yet even in that case she would not be his accuser. Heaven would bring the guilty one to justice. One thing she was resolved upon; should he ever presume to address her, thinking time would wash away suspicion, she would on no account answer an epistle from the murderer of so good a husband.

Upon the death of the latter, his affection for her increasing as their ties strengthened, she found herself not only in possession of the expected $20,000 but of fully one half of his immense property; the other half he left to Arthur.

Emma instructed her lawyer to make this over to him; nor was this a difficult task, for Arthur had written to the housekeeper within a month after his exit, and the latter, believing no ill of her favorite, responded.

After this he addressed two letters to Emma; she wondered at his temerity, but was satisfied with leaving them unnoticed. The pure do not wish to dwell long on the shadow of evil.

New Year's days came and went again, yet everything went on in much the same course at the old mansion.

Every day Aaron became more feeble, and every day Emma found comfort and relief in the care of her grandfather.

The business, meanwhile, was conducted by Mr. Throckmorton. At Mr. Willis' death the manager brought in a large expense bill, but as Emma had not then recovered from the shock occasioned by it she did not seek to question business incumbrances.

Content was she, the once poor girl she remembered herself, with the portion alloted to her.

But Mr. Throckmorton had lately been subject to frequent bodily troubles; his physicians had given up all hopes of recovery when he sent for Emma and made her promise, whether upon a review he had served her family well or ill, she would not revenge herself upon his innocent wife and child; she readily complied.

Judge of her consternation when in a few hours he sent for her again and confessed poisoning her husband to conceal his fraudulent involvements.

"How did young Mr. Willis go abroad so mysteriously?"

"I managed it," he gasped, "begged him if he had ever loved, not to separate me from my wife who was then unable to accompany me; he said he was as well there as anywhere."

Soon after his declaration the last agony followed and the manager went to his final accounting.

Where all this while was Arthur? He left her a careless boy, to return a handsome, hale man of thirty.

Oh, those never to be forgotten days when Arthur welcomed to the one spot on earth which seemed to him like home, sat and held her hand without fear of wrong or denial, then told her of his wanderings round the world.

But why might not all this have happened years before? Arthur was then a more fervent though not a more constant admirer, and wealth might as truly have been the possession of that particular Willis as at the present day.

"Ah, the love of money," you will say, "that enticing root of evil that entwines itself about the noblest things of life!"

Nay rather, why is there a destiny which keeps us from the real objects of our desires, when were it not for this we might have enjoyed them years before?

Such were the inquiries that would suggest themselves to a philosopher, bent on an investigation of the human mind, versed in the study of human nature.

But Emma Gordon's was not a disposition to brood long on these problems, and in the sobering retrospect of her peculiar prospects, amid the still atmosphere of her family circle she passed the remainder of her days.

A Guardian's Freak.

BY J. P. THATCHER.

IT had been a very trying day for Miss Wilhelmina Van Norden. In the first place, she had been late to breakfast, and after hastily rising from her narrow couch, and looking with considerable irritation at her watch, grinding away time as if it were nothing, omitted a generous half of the usual plunge, thus missing an invigorating tonic to her spirits.

She dressed herself with great outward effect, but felt much inward annoyance as she looked at her eyes and swollen underlids, each pencilled with a narrow dark ring which told of late hours the night before, and perhaps as much of restless, heavy sleep after its excitement.

"What a fright I am!" she ejaculated, giving one of her quick, disdainful glances into the mirror. "So much for card-playing by stealth! I am looking worse than usual this morning; and the boys are coming over, too, from Amherst to play a game of tennis. Well, never mind! I am not in love with any of them, and if they are with me, it must be in spite of haggard eyes and mouth drawn down at the corners. Perhaps they will take it that I have been spending nights of restless tears on their account!"

She laughed outright at the idea. Then she passed out of the door with a smile, and her step rang firmly down the corridor and the two flights of stairs which led to the dining hall, before the entrance of which she stopped to compose her face, for she knew she should encounter the reproachful gaze of the matron, who insisted upon remaining in the room until she saw every girl out of it.

Still she marched boldly up to her accustomed place, and bowed "good morning" with grave politeness to Miss A——, who returned the salute with grave dignity.

There was but one girl left at Will's table—Fannie Browne.

"Good morning, Will," she said. "How are you feeling this lovely day, after the hurlyburly's done and the battle?—but enough. It would be cruel to say the rest after your experience last night."

"Hush," said Will, "or we shall be overheard! The dove is fluttering in her corner nest," she added, seeing Miss A—— turn her ear to catch their voices. "If we are overheard, adieu to stolen fun! By the way, do you play tennis with us this afternoon?"

"No, I am going to take a long tramp with two members of my club, up to Williamston and back."

"What are you made of?" asked Will, gloomily. "I am a wreck, and can hardly crawl to chapel. Why, there's the bell. Wait a moment; let us die together!"

They hastened across the campus and joined the long procession of girls that filed into the narrow doorway and up the broad oaken staircase, passing the symbolic window inscribed with a Greek motto of which it was the proper thing to feign ignorance, then past the pictures and casts, the Ariadne and Father Nile, the lovely, down-gazing, mutilated Psyche, upon which Will did not bestow her usual glance of admiration—she was not in the mood to reverence soul that morning—she went on to the large light hall used for worship, waiking matches (conventionally known as receptions), concerts, and commencement exercises.

General L—— presided at one end of the room, and the portrait of the foundress at the other, so that between benignity and benediction bliss ought to have been complete.

The usual hush fell, the wonted prayers were read, and the "amen" and rush for the door occurred simultaneously. The morning passed quickly.

At luncheon Will was in high spirits, and afterwards hastened to don her tennis dress, to be ready for "the boys." They arrived in due time, Fred Hastings, her friend's brother, and his class-mate, Mr. Bullard.

They were a merry party. Will's eyes were no longer haggard, and the color returned to her cheeks, not base enough to desert her before her young friends.

"How superb she is!" thought poor Fred. "I must ask her to-day, if I have the chance."

And the chance came to him.

They went to the gymnasium for a dance, and after changing partners two or three times, Mr. Bullard and Miss Nellie Hastings being absorbed in a conversation near the platform, Fred led Will into the farther corner and plunged in, like the boy he was.

"Will," he said, "you must know that for a long time I have loved you."

"I did not know it," she replied, wonderingly. Then impulsively, "Oh, it is useless for any man but one to love me! I was given away by my uncle almost as soon as I was born."

"Who is the man?" asked Fred, chokingly.

"I do not know," she answered. "Uncle will tell me only his name, which is Jonas Smith."

"Would you not marry the man you loved?" Fred asked.

"I would at any cost; but I have never loved anyone," she added. "Oh, I don't know," she almost moaned. "If I opposed uncle he would leave me penniless, friendless, and I feel so fettered, irritated. I never realized it all as I do to-day—I cannot even weave a romance for myself."

"And the man who loves you is as much condemned as you are," said Fred, dolefully. "But why do we talk?" You do

not love me! Is there any hope that you ever will? Tell me frankly, Will."

"There is no hope," she answered. "But you have no rival in Jonas Smith, for I swear that that man shall never be my accepted lover or husband. I will turn every man I can into my adorer, and then he shall suffer. Why not?" she added, bitterly. "I must."

"How foolish," thought Fred, "to bind this spirited girl in such a way."

The chain, once felt, galled her sorely, but he could do nothing.

"Remember, Will," he said, with mingled regret and generosity, "when you do love, I will do all I can to help you."

"Thank you, Fred. You are a noble fellow!" looking up into his face with genuine admiration.

Will went to the theatre that night, a rare treat; but everything in the play that bore on love strained her sympathies to the breaking.

It was quite distressing.

"Decidedly I need broadening," she said, when she had reached her room. "I'll go upstairs and see Sue."

She found her friend (the prettiest little "dig" in Smith College) studying the English of Shakspeare from the play of "Julius Cæsar."

"Just the thing!" thought Will. "Glorious old play! It will sweep away the clouds, and make the universe look as clear and vast as it really is."

And an hour later she retired in a better mood; but dreamed of Fred—poor Fred!

* * * * * *

A week later saw Will and Neil Hastings settled in the home of the latter, enjoying the vacation hugely.

There was a succession of euchre and whist parties, good luck and bad luck, dancing entertainments and straw rides; and Will entered into the ease and naturalness of country life and pleasures. As for the young men, they adored her, but she was too tactful, too discreet, to bear coquette.

One day, a letter from Fred was eagerly opened by Neil.

"I hope he is well?" said Will.

"Yes, quite well, he says. He sends his love to you," she added, reading down the page. "Too late now! I must tell him to—to—come home. Are you offended, Will?"

"If? No; Fred and I are old friends, you know," she replied, rather confusedly, ashamed of herself for the momentary treason of consciousness. "How my mind does run on such stuff lately!" she mused.

She soon made an excuse to leave the room, and went for a walk.

"I wonder," thought Neilie, "if there is anything between them? Perhaps she cares for him, and he is trifling with her."

The cloud caused there by this thought did not leave her face until she was summoned to meet callers in the sitting-room. They proved to be a friend from the village and a new acquisition from town—a gentleman with the air of fine breeding which makes a man irresistibly attractive.

"What a superb-looking specimen!" thought Neil. "How Will would admire him! They must meet."

As there was to be a card party at her house that very evening, she invited Mr. Cruger to attend, telling him that she had as a guest a friend whom she would like him to meet—a Miss Van Norden from London.

"I am much gratified by the invitation," he replied, "and shall have the honor to present myself this evening. The name of Van Norden is familiar to me."

After some further conversation the callers took their leave, promising to return in the evening.

Passing out from the porch they met Will, and Mr. Cruger was betrayed into bestowing upon her an admiring glance, under which the girl blushed vividly.

"What a lovely woman!" he thought. That evening he said to her, after being presented, "I met you this morning, I think."

"You have remembered me a long while," she responded, smilingly.

"A long while!" he repeated. "I could remember you for an eternity!"

He paused abruptly, fearing he had gone too far.

Will was silent, her eyes downcast.

Suddenly he leaned forward, and asked, "Will you give me one of the roses you are wearing?"

Smilingly she unfastened a rose from her corsage and, as he took it, he kissed her hand.

"This seems to me," thought Will, "very much like love at first sight; or else the man's a confirmed flirt."

At which supposition she sighed.

After that Mr. Cruger was constantly with Will.

It was evidently a case of love on both sides, and yet neither seemed to learn much of the thoughts, life, and circumstances of the other. Absorbed in the present, they thought not of the future.

There was to be a drive, one evening, during the latter part of Will's visit, but she stayed at home to have a good understanding with herself. She knew Mr. Cruger was going on that drive. She would remain at home. He had not been near her all day. He did not care for her, that was evident, or he would have spoken.

When Neil had gone to join the party, which was to meet and start from the house of a friend, Will sat and chatted merrily with Mrs. Hastings until that lady was called away to attend to some household matters, and she was left alone, but not for long. Her musings were interrupted by a ring at the door, and a card was handed in.

It was Mr. Cruger's, and he followed the maid almost immediately.

She rose to meet him.

"Good evening, Mr. Cruger. How does it happen that you are not among the rest of the pleasure-seekers?"

"Because my pleasure was here," he replied, with something more than mere gallantry. "I have not seen you all day. Early this morning I went to town. When I returned, Miss Williams told me you were not going to ride. I feared you were ill, and came to you at once. And now," he went on, "may I speak as frankly as I would like?"

Will blushingly smiled assent.

"Then, sweet Will," he said, "will you promise here and now to become my wife?"

She drew back slightly.

"Listen to me. I owe you frankness. If you marry me, you must take me in poverty."

He laughed.

"Is that all? You will not wed a poor man. I can give you what you ought to have. There is no excuse, dearest."

"I do not look for excuses," she replied. "But—but I have been designed for someone else."

"Do you love him?"

"No. Can you ask that? I do not even know the man, and hope I never shall. My uncle, who is also my guardian, has tried from my earliest remembrance to accustom me to the idea that I am to marry someone called Jonas Smith. He lives in London, I fancy, but I know nothing about him."

"I do not recognize the name," said the lover.

"If I do not marry that man——" resumed Will, lifting her earnest eyes to his. "But, oh, I cannot! How can I, now that I know you?"

Here she stopped to stifle a sob.

"My darling, it shall never be. You shall never submit to such tyranny."

"It is not tyranny," she said, "it is caprice. But uncle's freaks are his principles, and they strengthen with his years. A thousand times I have heard the praises of Jonas Smith sounded; his devotion to business, his purity of life, his correctness of judgment—in short, his marvelous perfection. Unless I marry him my uncle will disinherit me. I thought I ought to tell you this. If you now regret what you have asked me——"

"Regret!" said he. "Regret is only for those who do not love. Will, you shall not give me up."

"I shall not; I will not!" she answered.

And Stuyvesant Cruger read in her face the sweetest story in the world to him.

"Then you will marry me!"

"Yes."

"What is your uncle's name?" he asked, after a pause which was eloquent to them both.

"Welcome Gale."

"Welcome Gale!" he gasped. "Why, Will, he is my partner! This is a complication!"

The next evening the uncle in question drove from the club to his home in Kensington, and retiring to the library to write some letters, found one lying on his desk from Will, announcing her recent engagement to Mr. Cruger.

"Well, well," he chuckled, "it is just as I knew it would be! She has seen him at last, and has fallen in love with him, as I said—just as I said. How little she dreams that he is my Jonas Smith! Now if I had told her all about the boy, and let her run down to my office, where she could see him every day, it would have been all up with my little scheme."

He fairly beamed with delight as he snatched up a pen and scribbled:

"DEAR WILL:—Caught by a trick, Miss Defiance! All's fair in love and war. Cruger is the very man I had set my heart on for you. He is my Jonas Smith! But then you can never marry him, you know!

"UNCLE WELCOME."

Mr. Gale sent this the next morning, and received in reply a telegram:

"You have fibbed, sir! His name is not Jonas Smith."

The wire responded:

"So have you—you swore you never would!"

The new term had opened at college. Upon one evening Will's set were assembled in the "Retreat," of which Fannie Browne was mistress.

"Will you join us in a game of whist?" said she to Will.

"Yes," replied Will, without moving, and looking at the Apollo in the corner with dreamy admiration.

"Come, wake up," said Fannie. "I don't want to make myself disagreeable, but what means this big diamond on your hand with a finger all to itself? I would not mention it, but once or twice of late you have acted suspiciously. Come, now, confess and feel better."

"Well," said Will, "I'll own the truth. I have taken a fatal step.

She raised her zinged hand to save further explanation.

"Poor girl!" said Fannie. "Is it awful?"

"Yes," replied Will, "I feel it keenly," with a quiet gleam of happiness in her eyes.

"I know," said Fannie. "I had a touch of it once myself," applying herself to her oysters. "Too far gone to eat?" she added.

"No," answered Will, "never that. But come, let us have our game." When the meeting broke up, Will said, "At the next walking-match look for a tall man with blue eyes. He is the one I am to marry, but his name is not Jonas Smith! Good night."

ERRORS ABOUT DOGS.

Pliny, the ancient Roman writer, tells us that, if we cut off the tip of a dog's tail within forty days from its birth, it will never go mad, and that the best of the litter is the whelp which gets its eyesight last, or that which the mother carries first into the kennel. Of the dog's faithfulness he has notable instances. It has been known to throw itself into the flames when its master's funeral pyre was kindled.

It will breed with the tiger. The Indians cross their dogs in that way. The first and second crosses are too savage to use; the third can be trained.

No matter how fierce a dog is, it will never attack you if you sit down—Homer says the same thing in the Odyssey—and it may be silenced by holding to it a brand snatched from a funeral-pyre. When cremation was given up, this recipe had to be modified; and for the brand was substituted "the hand of glory," which credulous mediæval burglars used to carry, with the view of keeping the watch-dog quiet.

The most fighting breed was the Molossian, a splendid sample of which the King of Albania gave to Alexander the Great when he was going to India. Alexander had boars, stags, and bears slipped to it, but the dog lay motionless; whereat the King's anger was roused that such a noble form should cover so sluggish a spirit, and he bade the dog be killed, sending a message to the giver that the gift had proved unworthy of them both. Wherupon was sent another like dog, with the warning that the first dog's inaction in presence of small game was not due to sluggishness or contempt, such dogs being used to be matched against elephants and lions.

Alexander at once tried him with a lion, which he slew, and then set him at an elephant, round which he circled, baying loudly, and with all his bristles erect, attacking first on one side and then on the other, slipping in and avoiding the elephant's stroke whenever he got the chance.

At last the elephant grew dizzy, and, falling down, was made a prey by its small antagonist.

Unlike bees, and rats, and cows, and several other creatures, dogs can never be trained to drink anything stronger than water, at least so Pliny says. Hence the Roman proverb, "a dog's lunch," for a temperate banquet.

Note how seldom or never Shakspeare has a good word for the dog. In that he falls behind the ancients, who (though they freely use "dog" as a word of reproach) bear frequent testimony to the faithfulness of the animal.

No poet, nowadays, could speak better of a pet mastiff than Homer in the Odyssey does of that dog, well-nigh twenty years old, that recognized Ulysses when his own father had forgotten him.

Dogs were yearly crucified at Rome because one night they forgot their duty, and left to the geese the task of giving notice that the Gauls were scaling the capitol. Pliny speaks of puppies' flesh being eaten, just as if Rome had learned from China:

"At solemn festivals in honor of the gods, they forget not to serve up certain dishes of suckling whelps' flesh."

THE SUN.—The sun is a vast body one million two hundred and sixty thousand times as large and nearly three hundred and twenty-seven thousand times as heavy as the earth. That which we see of it ordinary is a white-hot central mass which is really only a part of the great globe. Next to this there is a beautifully-colored envelope from five thousand to ten thousand miles in thickness, called the chromosphere, while outside this is a comparatively dense atmosphere, or corona, stretching away for at least one hundred thousand miles; while beyond that again there is a further atmosphere consisting of large extent of hydrogen, the lightest substance known, reaching, it may be, a million miles or more farther into space.

Look at the sun shining brightly above us; it seems a picture of quietude and grandeur. In point of fact it is something very different. There is nothing with which man is acquainted that is in such wild confusion as the surface of the sun. Talk of startling volcanic eruptions, earthquakes, and storms—the violence of all terrestrial commotions since the world was inhabited would not equal one hour's disturbance on the face of that boiling caldron we call the sun.

A cyclone on the earth's surface that whirls round at the rate of one hundred miles an hour is a hurricane carrying all before it, but there are solar whirlwinds and fiery floods that sweep along at one hundred miles a second.

An eruption of Vesuvius entombs Pompeii; but there are momentary and unceasing eruptions on the sun in which the whole earth would melt with fervent heat and be engulfed, so as to leave not a rack behind except an inappreciable addition to the sun's gaseous atmosphere.

No one by merely conversing with a fish ever succeeded in drawing him out. Merely conversing with a Warner's Log Cabin Plaster would not draw out the pain in the back, but an application of it would give relief at once.

EVERY one is the artisan of his own fortune. If you wish a fortune, keep healthy by the use of Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla, which purifies the blood and thus gives health and strength. Largest bottle on the market.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

A letter from Japan tells that "another way (to worship Buddha, in the temple at Kioto) is to chew the prayer paper, and when soft throw it in the form of a pellet at the god, through a wire screen. If it goes through and sticks on the god, the prayer will be answered. If it hits on the screen, it is no good. Some of the gods are thickly plastered with this schoolboy missile."

Florida promises to become a large producer of opium. The poppy grows there very readily, and larger than anywhere else in the United States. Sixteen plants will produce an ounce of opium, and an acre should give a profit of $1,000. As the plants will thrive among trees, the land on which are young and non-bearing orange orchards can be utilized while the trees are reaching maturity.

The first "born lady" in England to go into business was the Honorable Mrs. Maberley, who sold milk, and had a number of cows. She personally supervised her stock, and was successful. Another girl of title who is breeding opened a shop in London for the exhibition and sale of house decorations of all sorts. She holds her own with male competitors in the same line.

Princess de Metternich is one of the ugliest woman imaginable; she said of herself when in Paris: "I am the best-dressed monkey in the city," and she really had the courage to found the "Club of Ugly Women," a club in which there were only five members. A correspondent describing her, says: The shoulders, uncovered to the last degree, were ornamented with scars of every size and shape, the mouth was like that of an African, but the grace and elegance could not be denied."

They tell down East of a poor fellow who possessed a remarkably fat hog, and who also owed a rich man. The hog was about all the property the poor debtor had worth levying on, and the law exempted a man's only pig. One day the latter met the creditor, and said: "You need money, but me and you can't live apart." The poor man was astonished. "Why I owe you for the hog I've got now," he stammered. "Never mind; you need another one, and I want it," and he did, and the pig was put in the pasture with the stock. It grew fatter and fatter, and stabler and stabler, and ate and ate and took it away, and thus the law and the rich man were satisfied.

The following story is considered as suggestive of a moral as an Æsop fable: A traveler in making change at the railroad station at Concord, N. H., gave the ticket agent a five-dollar gold piece for a penny. The agent saw it and handed the coin back. The man thanked him, put it into his pocket, pulled out several coins and gave the agent one, and the agent brushed it into the drawer with the pennies. After the train started the traveler jumped off and rushed back, saying, "I gave you a five-dollar gold piece for a penny." "Yes, said the agent, "and I gave it back to you." "But I gave it to you again. Look and see." The agent looked and there was the gold piece. The man had made the same mistake twice.

An exciting scene was caused on Chestnut street, Boston, recently, by a large wharf rat which emerged from a cellar. After causing a stampede among pedestrians, especially the females, the rat, probably more scared than the people, dashed for a passing express wagon and sought refuge under the seat of the driver. Although a robust 200 pound man, the latter gave full possession of his team to the rodent, jumping from his seat and catching the horse's head, all the while loudly calling for assistance. With horse car and wagon travel blocked, and an immense number of onlookers standing about, affairs remained until a slender youth came forward, caught the rat and put it and the excitement at an end.

A convict who has been in prison for two years at Trenton, N. J., where he is serving an eight years' sentence for robbery, will not eat while any one is looking at him. Ever since his imprisonment, it is asserted, "he has not spoken a word to any of his fellow-convicts or keepers, and pretends not to understand any one who speaks to him. His wife visits him accompanied by their child, but does not alter his manner of eating. The wife entreats him to speak to her, but he regards her with the most stolid indifference. The vain endeavors of the unfortunate woman to induce him to notice the baby and herself are pitiful. Cries, caresses and entreaties are all lost upon him as completely as if he were an iron man. Now and then he will pace up and down his cell like a wild animal in a cage, only stopping when he falls down from sheer exhaustion."

Good Wages—A Dollar an Hour.

Enterprising, ambitious people of both sexes and all ages should at once write to Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine, learning thereby, by return mail, how they can make $1 per hour and upwards, and live at home. You are started free. Capital not needed. Work pleasant and easy; all can do it. All is new and free; write and see; then if you conclude not to go to work, no harm is done. A rare opportunity. Grand, rushing success rewards every worker.

Our Young Folks.

PATIENCE.

BY M. KINGSLEY.

ONCE by the seashore lived a woman and her two daughters, and the name of the one was Ira and the other Elthea. Ira was always patient, and Elthea never; Ira busy, and Elthea idle; Ira always obedient, while Elthea only laughed in her mother's face. And yet the mother loved her the best of the two.

One day there came an old woman to the door.

"I am cold," said the old woman.

"Dance and get warm then," answered Elthea.

But Ira gave her her own seat by the fire.

"I am hungry," said the old woman.

Elthea yawned: but Ira went at once to the cupboard.

"Stop!" said her mother; "there is hardly supper enough now."

"I will give her my share, then," answered Ira.

And she brought out a little cup and a spoon, and poured in it milk, white and cold as snow, and broke up bread that was fine and white, and gave it to the old woman, who devoured it all in a moment.

When it was bed-time "You must sleep on the floor, old woman," said Elthea; "there is no bed for you."

But Ira interfered.

"I will give her my bed; my bones are younger."

So the old woman went up with Elthea and her mother to bed, and Ira lay down on the boards near the fire. All night long Elthea dreamed of dragons and ugly giants; but Ira, of roses and diamond palaces.

In the morning the old woman got up, and hobbled off without a word. And Elthea laughed at Ira, who had given up her seat, her supper, and her bed, without even getting a word of thanks in return, but Ira said nothing.

Time went on till one day there came to the cottage a herald, and with the herald were thirty men in golden armor, and in front of him two horses, white as snow, with saddles of velvet, and silken reins embroidered with gold.

"Elthea and Ira," cried the herald, "King Pandulf desires you to come to court. Prince Gando chooses him a wife, and your names are found written in the list of beautiful maidens."

"Elthea can go, but let Ira stay at home," said the mother. "No one will look at her beside her sister."

"The king must be obeyed," answered the herald. "Ira must go too."

So Ira went up to get ready; but Elthea was so angry that she tore her sister's dress into shreds, and threw all her combs and pins out of the window; and Ira was obliged to go to court in her gray stuff dress, and with her long golden curls hanging all about her shoulders, while Elthea sat up in her saddle, stiff and stately, with a high shell comb, and a blue satin dress, never once turning her head, lest some one should think that she and Ira were in company.

Half-way in the forest they met the old woman to whom Ira had given her bed and supper.

"I want to go to court, too," screamed she. "Take me up on your fine white horse."

Elthea tossed her head; but Ira stopped and took her up.

"Do have more sense!" cried Elthea. "Remember, you may yet be the sister of a queen, and might as well cultivate a little decent dignity."

But Ira said nothing, till they reached the palace gate.

"Ho! ho!" shouted the warders. "Here comes the Prince's bride to court, dressed in a gray stuff dress, with an old granny behind on the saddle!"

And all the men-at-arms laughed, and Elthea rode on ahead in a violent flurry, lest anyone should guess that they were sisters.

So they came to the palace itself, and the Lord Chamberlain came out to meet them.

And to Elthea he gave a spacious room with a green and gold ceiling, and a perfumed bath; while Ira and the old woman were stowed away in a little turret chamber, where was only a cot bed, a deal table, and scarce enough room to turn round in.

"Spin, child," said the old woman; "it is well never to be idle."

Ira looked about her, but saw nothing.

"What shall I spin? There is nothing here."

"Brush down all the cobwebs," said the old woman.

And as it was twenty-five years since the room had been swept, Ira soon had a goodly quantity.

Then the old woman took out of her bosom a golden distaff and diamond wheel, and all that week Ira spun, till there lay on the cot bed the loveliest robe and veil ever seen, like air—if air could be worn—and it was rose-tinted and full of golden stars.

And as no one brought them either breakfast, dinner, or supper, every night, at sunset, the old woman called loudly out of the window, and there came flying in a pitcher of milk and a bag of bread.

So the second week came, and the old woman said again, 'Spin, child; it is well never to be idle."

"I see nothing here," answered Ira, "but a single blade of grass."

"Take that, then," said the old woman. And so all that week Ira spun, till the little room was half-full of linen clothes, fine and white as snow.

So the third week came, and there arose a mighty stir in the palace and court. And there came a hundred cooks, a hundred weavers, and a hundred waiters in at the great gate. And Ira could hear music, and see the fair damsels, who had been summoned to court, going into the hall of audience two by two.

"Go you down also," said the old woman. "The Prince chooses him a wife to-day." But Ira looked down at her gray dress, and shook her head.

Then the old woman bade her take it off, and put on the linen clothes; and over that she placed the rose-hued robe; and from out of her bosom she took a crown of great diamonds, in which light seemed to dance and leap; and about her head she draped the starry veil; and on her arms she clasped bracelets of milk-white pearls, and over all she threw a mantle of rare white lace. Then she touched a little cracked glass hanging over the table with her distaff, and it grew to be a long mirror in a golden frame.

"Look," said the old woman.

But Ira started back afraid, for her face was glorious.

"Fear not, it is the beauty of Patience shining out in your features," said the old woman. "I am Lilla, queen of the fairies; but I had no rarer gift to bestow. I could only lead you to its reward. Go down now, and fear nothing."

So Ira went with stately steps down the winding stairs to the marble-paved hall, and the Lord Chamberlain bowed to the very earth before her, and called twelve pink pages and ten maidens to attend her to the great hall of audience.

There were all the lovely damsels of the kingdom, and the King and Queen on their thrones, and the Prince. And each damsel was mincing and fluttering, and pushing and crowding to get nearer the Prince; but still he kept on till he came to Ira, standing fair and patient at the lower end of the hall.

"This shall be my wife," cried the Prince.

And in an instant the heralds blew their trumpets, the bands began to play, and the whole court shouted till it was out of breath, "Long live Princess Ira!"

THE LITTLE SPIDER.

BY L. E.

ONCE upon a time, a little spider that had spun his web many and many a time, only to be disturbed by the housemaid's broom, was at a sorry loss where to find a corner to make another home.

"I think," said he, with a shake of his wise little head—"I think I will spin on the nursery wall. It seems to me that folks are not half so particular about their nurseries as the other rooms, and I do love children," said the cunning little spider.

He went to work with a will, and spun a wonderful web, with bedroom, parlor, and a curious pair of winding stairs, up which many a poor little fly was dragged for Mr. Spider's dinner.

How happy he was, listening to the children's prattle, quite forgetting the housemaid's broom, until one bright morning when he was surprised by an unusual noise in the nursery.

"What can be the matter?" thinks he, looking down from his silken web.

"Oh, dear!" cried a little voice from below, "I've cut my finger, and it's bleeding. What ever shall I do? Boo-hoo—boo-hoo—boo-hoo!"

"Cut your finger?" cried nurse, excitedly running over to where a little girl in a white pinafore was crying lustily. "Mercy me!" she exclaimed. "Get me a cobweb, someone, quick! The very best thing in the world for a cut."

Now the little spider away up on the high wall trembled. A call for cobwebs. He knew what that meant—that the pretty little house that cost him so many hours of hard labor was to be taken from him to bind the little girl's finger.

"I had better get out myself," thought he, or goodness knows what might become of me."

Slowly he came down the little winding stair and crept to the other side of the wall.

Once again he saw his enemy, the housemaid, take his silken web. Once again the little spider was homeless.

He had never felt quite so unhappy since the morning he had seen his mother, a fine fat spider, cruelly put to death by a wicked boy, who drove a darning-needle through her back and pinned her to his school-book. But towards little girls the spider bore no hatred. He rather liked them, as they had never harmed him; they would only scream and run away when he came amongst them.

"Well," said he, "I'm glad my web has done some good, and now I must spin another."

Which he did.

All went well until the lady of the house, on coming into the nursery one morning, was both surprised and shocked on seeing a cobweb.

"I declare," she said, holding up her hands in horror, "there is a great ugly spider! I must have Betty come at once and take it down."

"Do let me stay!" pleaded the little spider.

But no one heard him. Once again he would have been homeless were it not that just as Betty held the broom aloft to sweep him down, a little girl with yellow curls and a white pinafore came running up.

"Stop, Betty!" she cried, tugging at the housemaid's gown. "You must not kill the little spider or spoil his pretty web. When I cut my finger, and it bled and bled, nurse wrapped the cobweb around it and made it better."

The little lady was accustomed to having her own way; I am inclined to think that she was a trifle "spoiled."

When mamma learned of her little girl's wish, she was pleased to see evidence of gratitude, so permitted the spider to remain just where it was.

He is there now, away up on the nursery wall, and has grown to be a great fat old fellow, puffed up with flies and conceit. He was heard to remark one morning, not very long ago, as he climbed up his winding stairs, "Surely one good turn deserves another."

NINA'S KITTEN.

BY K. K.

SHE loves me so." This was the song Nina's tabby kitten Tibs sang all the day, and no other.

"She loves me so; she loves me so." And the love Tibs bore her little mistress—giving love for love—stole from her heart to her small homely face, and filled it with a strange beauty, that people stopped to pat her, and say, "What a lovely little kitten!"

And when Nina answered, "Yes, I love her better than anything in the world," Tibs would steal closer to her, and rub her wee tabby head against her feet, or sometimes she climbed up and nestled on her shoulder among the hair.

Then up and down the garden walks they would gambol, Nina and Tibs, and even the blades of grass and the flowers would bend together and whisper, "She loves her so."

But one day Nina brought home a new kitten, a white little darling with blue eyes, like a child's.

She called her Snowball, and said she was the dearest kitten in the world. Then Tibs tried not to be jealous, but sang her one song at her mistress's feet, while Snowball nestled in her arms, "She loves me so; she loves me so," and all the evening after she sang it softly herself, among the sunset rays and nodding flowers in the garden—"She loves me so; she loves me so."

But from that day a tearful sound stole into her ditty—it was the same words, for, oh, how could she sing any other? though Snowball was always in her mistress's arms, her companion in her garden walks, while poor Tibs only gambolled behind, like a faithful shadow.

One day her tender little heart could bear it no longer; and when Nina sat fondling Snowball in her arms she humbly climbed up for a like caress.

"What an ugly little thing you have grown to be, Tibs!" she said, and put her down without a fond touch or loving kiss.

Tibs thought she would faint, but no, instead, she stole away into the garden and sang her old ditty, to see if it would soothe her pain—"She loves me so." And even the butterflies paused in their flight to see who was singing such a sad-toned song.

But still she sang a sadder yet. One morning Nina struck her, just for stealing up to taste Snowball's milk, which she was lapping from the very saucer she had used in the dear old days, gone for ever! Yes, struck her, and said, "You greedy little thing! I don't love you a bit!"

Then Tibs felt her heart was breaking, and from that day she sang her old song no more, but one which sounded like a sad echo—"She loved me so;" this is what she sang, and grew thin and spiritless, with rough fur, and weary, lagging feet.

"What a pining little creature she has grown to be!" said one and another.

"Ah! if they had only known that her heart was breaking! If Nina had known! But no one knew, only the little birdies, and they twittered when they heard the wee thing's sad song:

"Kitty hush, hush your pain;
Love lost may come again."

But it never did. Nina never took her old favorite to her heart again, never thought she ought, and ode to gal, was a s too little stars were twinkling in the sky, Tibs sat under a blossoming apple tree in the orchard, the pink petals falling about her like the scent Tibs nothing she had lost, sang her ditty, "She loved me so," and died! They found her in the morning, a wee bundle of dirty fur; her face was beautiful still with her love, that was all.

Well, they buried her. Did Tibs know that Nina shed tears over her when her mamma said, "I fear, dear, you neglected poor Tibs for Snowball?" Did she know of the flowers she strewed over her before Thomas filled in her little grave? How could she when her tender heart was broken, when it could not throb with love or sorrow any more.

But Nina never turned off old friends for new ones again, and often sits near Tibs' grave, and talks to Snowball of the kitten who died for her first with a touch of regret she was wont feel.

ROYALTY AND MUSIC.—The Emperor of Russia is a first-rate cornet player. He once serenaded Nilsson in one of her songs, and not long ago, when singing before him she sang the same air, much to the gratification of the Emperor.

The Queen of the Belgians is a devoted musician. The Emperor of Brazil maintains an Italian Opera out of his own purse, and he has one of the most complete operatic companies in the world.

The Emperor of Austria, also, spends more than a million francs a year on the Vienna Opera house. Rossini used once to compose a trifling melody every year for the King of Portugal. Everybody knows what a passion the late King Louis of Bavaria had for music.

King Oscar of Sweden has a magnificent basso voice, and sings like an artist. Here are one or two interesting facts respecting the taste for music in the present sovereigns of Europe.

The Emperor of Germany, for instance, adores music, and never misses an opportunity to hear Patti, or other celebrity. He always goes behind the scenes after the performance to thank the *artiste*.

Queen Victoria is also a great amateur of music, and sings very beautifully. She was a pupil of Labiache, and he used to say that if she were not Queen of Great Britain she might be a queen of song.

The late Prince Consort's passion for music is well known. It was he who made Mendelssohn known in England and protected him.

The Prince of Wales is also a good musician, and the Princess of Wales is one of Halle's best pupils. The Duke of Edinburgh, as we all know, could earn his living with the violin, if necessary.

THE DEVIL FESTIVAL.—A Chinese paper, of Sept. 1st last, says: The Devil Festival is said to have originated in a legend of the mother of a fabulous person, Mu-lien; she was about the wickedest person then in existence, there being no crime which she left uncommitted.

After her death, she appeared one night to her son Mu-lien with a heavy wooden collar round her neck, and she harrowed his soul with the tale of her sufferings in the lower regions.

She said she was enduring the penalty for her unnumbered sins during her earthly life, and pleaded with her son to deliver her out of the hands of Pluto. This to him seemed an impossible task, as no human being can enter the dark regions and return alive. She told him that he must become a Buddhist priest, and that there was a door in a certain Buddhist temple which he could open and so let out the prisoners from the shades below.

The son, being filial, obeyed the behest of his mother, and sought out a well-known Buddhist priest in a certain famous temple, and asked to be admitted as a novice.

As his life was pure the priest willingly admitted him. After having been there several months, and learned all the Buddhist prayers, he sought out the door that led to the Lower Shades, whither the wicked one had gone, and, remembering his mother's instruction, he knocked open the door.

The Judge Pluto being always willing to release his victims upon the intercession of saints, has set all the prisoners free for a certain length of each year, beginning on the 15th of the 7th moon, ever since the time when St. Mu-lien knocked open that door.

It has become customary for the people throughout the country, in the seventh moon of every year, to worship their ancestors, whose spirits are then at large. The annual Devil Festival held by the Cantonese and Fatshanese ought to fill by theatricals, &c., at their cemetery between Honam and Canton. It will last three days and three nights.

The people from Canton and Fukien provinces are not few, and those whose relations were buried here are numerous. The amount of paper, clothes, money, &c., burned in the imperial is consequently very great. The spectators of theatrical performances from every part of the city. The streets are on crowded by numerous passing and repassing and junketings.

THE BUTTERFLY AND THE BEE.—On a splendid autumn day, when all the flower-beds were ablaze with purple, and orange, and crimson, and gold, a modest brown bee and a gorgeous butterfly found themselves together on the same cluster of scarlet geranium.

"Dear me, how you do slave, neighbor!" said the butterfly. "Here have you been working away ever so long on this one flower, whilst I have roved over a dozen beds in the same time. And then how people admire me, and run after me!"

"Yes; and sometimes catch you," said the bee; "and kill you."

The butterfly was a little taken aback; but he was a jaunty fellow, and soon recovered himself.

"Well, I'm off!" he said. "You can stay and plod here all day on one stupid flower if you choose. Give me constant change."

"All that is very fine," said the bee. "But those who gad about so much seldom do any good work. Besides, as you say, you only stop a moment on each flower; whereas I never leave it till I have sucked all the honey out of it. So I work, and yet fly about all the same."

"Yes, yes!" answered the butterfly. "But all your toil only causes you to be killed for the sake of your honey. I die after an idle life, and you after a busy one. But we both die, so where is the difference?"

"We must all die," said the bee; "but there is this great difference. You die, and no one regrets or remembers you. But when I die, the work that I have done has not only maintained me during my life, but will benefit others after my death."

A. H. H.

THE HALO OF ROMANCE.

BY SUSANNA J.

O Life, how dull thy paths would be,
How rugged and how lone,
But for the halo of romance,
Whose dreams, too sweet for utterance,
For thy long dearth atone!

With me in reason's earliest dawn
Romance her rule began;
I owned her strange ideal power
And sought her presence and her dower
As only Childhood can.

O ye green woods of beechen shade,
Whose paths I loved to tread,
What words can tell the dreams that came,
What light and gladness thrilled my frame,
Through your calm vistas shed?

Heroic souls of whose brave deeds
The world keeps record true,
I saw them as in mortal guise,
And read in their uplifted eyes
The pow'r to will and do.

Ah, dreams, e'en to Life's darkest hours
What glory ye can give!
And of that strange ethereal light
Earth is not yet divested quite,
Nor will be while I live.

POPULAR TRADITIONS.

Small indeed was the mediæval capacity for inventing wonders compared with that of the old world. The men of the Middle Ages only repeated what Pliny and Ælian, and such like had written down.

It is to Pliny that we owe all the stories about Druids, and mistletoe, and the golden sickle, and the white linen cloth; and he first tells the oft-repeated tale of the serpent's egg, a great medicine among those priests of the Britons. It is formed, he says, by the joint parturition of a whole group of serpents, and, so fondly do they cling to it, that he who would take it from them must provide a swift horse if he would escape their wrath.

The strangest thing is, that now and then Pliny gets into a critical mood. He believes, indeed, that a screech-owl's feet, burned with the plant plumbago, are good against serpents; but he cannot stomach the assertion that if you lay a screech-owl's heart on the left breast of a woman asleep she will disclose all her inmost secrets, nor will he admit that screech-owls' eggs cure all hair defects, "for who," he asks, "ever found the nest, seeing the bird is so rare?"

The Romans always carefully expiated a portent, and if an owl was seen in the city a special purification feast had to be held immediately.

Naturally Pliny is great about the pygmies. He has been talking of the Troglodytes, of wonderful swiftness, swimming like fish in the Arabian Gulf; and then he says:

"The nation of the pretty pygmies lives in the marshes at the source of the Nile"—where, by the way, diminutive tribes have actually been found by explorers—"and they enjoy a truce and cessation from arms every year, when the cranes, who use to wage war with them, be once departed, and come into our countries."

The cranes have cause for their enmity, seeing that the pygmies, mounted on goats and rams, and armed with arrows, come down to the sea, and for three months eat the cranes' eggs and young.

Ctesias, who wrote about Alexander's conquests, places these pygmies in India, and says they have hairy bodies, and go about wretched and morose because they are of such small size. Vespasian, we are told, put into the amphitheatre a number of cranes matched against dwarfs got up like pygmies.

Pliny speaks of the cavalry of Sybaris dancing in time, and speaks of the human fore-feet of Cæsar's horse as if such horses were to be met with every hundred years or so. Of course, too, he tells all about "hippomanes," the tumor on the foal's forehead, which the mother bites off, going mad if anyone takes it away before she has done so, and, as it makes a very powerful love-potion, there is often somebody on the look-out to get hold of it.

What an enviable state of mind must that be in which one feels so sure that the lard of such a sharp-sighted beast as the wolf, mixed with Attic honey, is a sovran for those whose sight is dim or troubled; that the owl comes out of its egg tail first; and that the cats, worshipped in Egypt, jumped in whenever they saw a house on fire, to the dire distress of the Egyptians, who pulled out their bodies and made mummies of them, shaving off their own eyebrows as a sign of mourning!

This story, by the way, comes not from Pliny, but from Herodotus, whose appetite for wonders was qualified by a suspicion—which every now and then he expresses—that those Egyptian priests were humbugging him.

But the cat, though it had lived in Egypt for ages, being used there as a retriever, overcoming its dislike of water in its zeal to recover the ducks its master had shot, was not in classic times domesticated in Greece or Rome.

The reason why the owl is always a-cold is because when the wren had got singed in bringing fire from heaven, all the other birds gave her each a feather; but the owl, which, from the thickness of its plumage, might have contributed at least a pair, totally refused to give any.

The ages of faith, then, were certainly not the ages of research. There were no museums, no Zoo. Everybody compiled from his predecessor, and of much that they tell us we must say, as the showman did of Buffon, "He tells a pack of lies."

And yet, when we think of all that has been written about the sea-serpent, we feel that the moderns have no right to laugh at the ancients on the score of credulity. The latest notion is that the "sea-serpent" is a gigantic squid or calamary; but, if so, the eyes of those who sighted it must have played strange tricks with its shape.

But yet there does not seem any very good reason, after all, why the sea should not occasionally produce monstrous eels, which may have been magnified by observers, sometimes innocently enough, sometimes purposely, into the "great sea-serpent" of popular tradition.

THERE are men in whom the resurrection begun makes the resurrection credible. In them the spirit of the risen Saviour works already; and they have mounted with Him from the grave. They have risen out of the darkness of doubt into the brightness and sunshine of a day in which God is ever light. Their step is as free as if the clay of the sepulchre had been shaken off; their hearts are lighter than those of other men, and there is in them an unearthly triumph they are unable to express. They have risen above the narrowness of life, and all that is petty, ungenerous, and mean. They have risen above fear, above self. This is the spiritual resurrection, or being risen with Christ; and the man in whom that is working has something more blessed than external evidence to rest upon.

Grains of Gold.

Unreasonable haste is the direct road to error.

It is of no use running; to set out betimes is the main point.

The order of our needs should be the order of our deeds.

He who has no wish to be happier, is the happiest man of all.

Doing good is the only certainly happy action of a man's life.

Knowledge of our duties is the most useful part of philosophy.

Good thoughts are no better than good dreams unless they are executed.

Learn in manhood to unlearn the follies and mistakes of early youth.

He who knows right principles is not equal to him who loves them.

Unless the habit leads to happiness, the best habit is to contract none.

Holiness, indeed, implies morality, but morality does not imply holiness.

Hatred is nearly always honest—rarely if ever assumed. So much cannot be said for love.

It is with charity as with money—the more we stand in need of it, the less we have to give away.

Whatever things injure your eye you are anxious to remove; but things which affect your mind you defer.

To feel much for others and little for ourselves; to restrain our selfish, and to indulge our benevolent affections, constitutes the perfection of human nature.

He that does good to another does good also to himself, not only in the consequence, but in the very act; for the consciousness of well-doing, is in itself sufficient reward.

Procrastination has been called a thief—the thief of time. I wish it were no worse than a thief. It is a murderer; and that which it kills is not time merely, but the immortal soul.

They are two parallels, never but asunder: charity feeds the poor, so does pride; charity builds a hospital, so does pride. In this they differ: charity gives her glory to God; pride takes her glory from man.

Femininities.

Woman is woman's worst traducer.

There is none so homely but loves a looking-glass.

Edgefield, Tenn., has a belle named Lady Love.

Woman's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn.

A mandolin orchestra is a Western form of animating an afternoon tea.

A milliner of this city stamped upon her bill-heads a picture of the forget-me-not!

Christian patience is something more than a thought, or an emotion, or a tear; it is action.

In the matter of speed there is a great similarity between a flash of lightning and a bit of scandal.

Actors seldom go to church, but the ministers really ought not to complain. They seldom go to the theatre.

Four young women have been suspended from a public school at Carthage, Ill., because they attended a ball.

Guide: "A very rich Englishman fell at this place last year." Alpine tourist: "Well, it necessary, I can afford it, too."

When a London lady urges a friend: "Do take off your skin!" she merely means for her to lay aside her sealskin cloak.

The Venetian blind, familiar to our fathers and still to be seen in Philadelphia, is being taken into fashionable favor again.

An unfortunate Maine baby that happened to be born on the day of her grandparents' golden wedding, was named Anna Versary.

Secrets are but poor property; if you circulate them, you lose them, and if you keep them, you lose the interest on your investment.

Miss Thankful Stanton, aged 99 years, has been left forlorn by the death, near Clinton, N. Y., of her sister, Mrs. Anna Parmlee, aged 101 years.

From Hot Springs, Ark., it is reported that at a ball there lately, a young lady, her mother, grandmother and great-grandmother danced in the same set.

A Kansas widow rode six miles during a recent cold snap to put a mortgage on her place, and the first thing she bought was a celluloid collar set in a plush case.

A pessimist walking with his wife, and meeting a large school of girls, exclaimed suddenly: "Heavens and earth—the poor men! What a crowd of future mothers-in-law!"

An orchestra made up of young society women, who have come together solely for recreation and musical study, now numbers among the organizations of Pittsburg.

A little bag of mustard laid on the top of the pickle-jar will prevent the vinegar from becoming moldy if the pickles have been put up in vinegar that has not been boiled.

He: "What will you have, dear, candy or ice cream?" She: "No, Frank, get me some popcorn, please." He: "Do you like that stuff?" She: "Yes; I like everything that pops."

Middle-aged lady, to the object of her adoration: "Now be sure and destroy my letters." "Certainly, my dear; no one could be more prudent. I even burn them before I read them."

A young girl at Keokuk, Ia., fell on a bridge, and being unable to rise immediately her tongue froze to the iron railway and remained in that condition until she was released by a passer-by.

The two most precious things on this side the grave are our reputation and our life. But it is to be lamented that the most contemptible whisper may deprive us of the one, and the weakest weapon of the other.

She, to Harry, who is taking her out for a ride and whose horse has balked: "Don't be annoyed, Harry; have patience and he will move on presently." He: "Patience, my dear! Why I'm paying for this wretched animal by the hour."

Wife, on her husband's return from his office: "I came across a lot of your old love-letters to-day, dear, in one of the trunks up-stairs. Ah, John, how you did love me!" Husband: "Yes, indeed. Say, is dinner ready? I'm as hungry as a tramp!"

A lady applied to her physician for a remedy for loss of appetite. He wrote the following: "Stop at the first shoe store you come to, buy six pairs of boots, and wear them all out in three months." Far better than sending her to an apothecary for drugs.

A drummer who kissed a country girl remarked, ecstatically: "How charming it is to press the lips of innocence for the first time!" "All you city fellers must have gone to the same school. Every mother's son of you says the same thing when he kisses me!" she replied.

Dressmaker, to bereaved widow: "How long would you like the mourning veil to be, madame?" Bereaved widow, with a burst of grief: "I don't care for expense at a time like this; my husband's death was a dreadful blow. Make the veil as long as the style will warrant."

"Papa," said a beautiful girl, "I found several cigars scattered about the front yard this morning. Did you drop them?" "No, they don't belong to me," responded the old man. "Shortly after young Sampson left you last night I thought I heard a noise outside, and I shouldn't be surprised if Nero had been shaking him for the cigars. Evidently the dog won."

A student at a New Jersey military institute, whose home is in Cuba, was deeply interested by the first snow-storm this winter. He spent considerable time outdoors, rolled six snowballs and placed them in his trunk, intending to take them home with him next vacation. When he found a pool of water in his trunk he mournfully exclaimed: "My feather balls are all gone."

Masculinities.

When weariness comes take a breathing spell.

Time spent in making home happy is never thrown away.

Every man should have a hobby and ride it, but not let it ride him.

If you want to have a man for a friend never get the ill-will of his wife.

Which is the worse, the man you can sue and won't, or the man who can't and will?

The parson tells you that you should marry for love, and yet he generally marries for money.

A shabby coat is no disgrace, but it is a great impediment to the successful negotiation of a small loan.

A man's nature, runs either to herbs or weeds; therefore he should reasonably water the one and destroy the other.

The Duke of Newcastle is the youngest duke in England. Half of his 23 years of life have been spent in ill health.

There is so much electricity in a kiss that engaged lovers have been known to depend upon it altogether to light a spacious room.

The united ages of a bridal couple were 177 years. They were married without the consent of their parents. How wrong of them!

A Western man has offered $1000 for the capture of the devil. The fact seems to be creating considerable consternation in New York.

If a man has a right to be proud of anything, it is of a good action done as it ought to be, without any base interest lurking at the bottom of it.

Hannah More said to Horace Walpole: "If I wanted to punish an enemy, it should be by fastening on him the trouble of constantly hating somebody."

An Ypsilanti, Mich., man has a queer craze, that of collecting axes. He has 32 different kinds, and yet his wife complains of scarcity of kindling wood.

A country paper says in an obituary notice, "Mr. X was an estimable citizen. He lived uprightly; he died with perfect resignation. He had been recently married."

The man that laces a ten-year sentence to State Prison for the sake of "putting on style" for two or three years may be an excellent bookkeeper, but a very poor philosopher.

"What do you think? I have a girl who gets up in the morning without being called." Chorus of voices: "Impossible." "But it is true; she is in love with the milkman."

Any system of instruction which does not teach a lad to think falls very far short of the best results of education, and leaves him without the most vital element of success.

Make a point never so clear, it is great odds that a man whose habits and the bent of whose mind lie a contrary way will be unable to comprehend it—so weak a thing is reason in competition with inclination.

In Liverpool a play entitled "Who's the Lunatic?" was recently enacted. Before it was finished half the people in the audience were shouting: "The author, the author!" When he blushingly appeared he was greeted with roars of laughter and cries of "He's the lunatic!"

Lady purchaser: "Now, please do not ask me, after I have bought what I want, if there's anything else. If I want anything else, I can remember to ask for it without being reminded that there is something else that I may want. Do you understand, Salesman—Yes'm. Anything else?

Recently the pall-bearers at a funeral at Chippewa Falls, Wis., were surprised to find that the open grave had an occupant. A tramp who had been employed to dig the grave, after solacing himself with whisky, concluded that it was the warmest place to await the funeral, laid down and went to sleep.

At the club. "Leap year is a great snap, isn't it?" remarked Snobkins. "Just why?" queried Smith. "A girl proposed to me last night." "No, you don't say!" "Yes, and I accepted." "Worse and more of it. How did it happen?" "Simplest thing in the world. She proposed to me to leave the house or she would call her father, and I left. That was all."

Society Belle—"Mother, Mr. DeBrass has proposed and I have accepted." Mother—"What? Oh, you wicked, ungrateful girl, after all we've done for you. Mr. DeBrass hasn't a cent to bless himself with, and won't have until his father and grandfather die." "The Mr. DeBrass I am referring to is the grandfather." "Oh! Bless you children."

Wife—"What is meant, Johnny, by the phrase "carrying coals to Newcastle?" Husband—"It is a metaphor, my dear, showing the doing of something that is necessary." Wife—"I don't exactly understand. Give me an illustration, a familiar one?" Husband—"Well, if I was to bring you home a book entitled "How to Talk," that would be 'carrying coals to Newcastle.'"

At Athens, Ga., the other evening, great preparations were made for a wedding among the colored folks. The bride was prepared in gorgeous raiment; the table groaned with good things. But the groom came not. He sent word that he could not be present. Another young man offered to take his place, but the bride objected. Then all fell to eating and drinking, and the occasion was quite as jolly, and all enjoyed themselves as though there was really a wedding.

Young man, you had better not try to flirt with a pair of hazel eyes. It is a waste of time and dangerous. They are less susceptible than the blue, and when once deceived do not pine away in grief, but rally for revenge and take it out in scorn. If you tackle them you had better go in to win or leave the country. And while I think of it I'll make another remark: When you woo, win and wed, you had better keep on wooing and winning afterward or leave the country. It takes a power of love to do them.

Recent Book Issues.

"The Story of Jewad," translated from the Turkish of Ali Aziz Efendi, by E. J. W. Gibb, M. R. A. S., affords a curious and interesting insight into the occult sciences and their practitioners in Turkey, conveyed through the agency of fiction. The story reads like a chapter from "The Thousand and One Nights," and gives an admirable picture of Turkish life and manner. The story is remarkably entertaining, and in the moral it teaches exceedingly attractive. There is always a peculiar charm in Eastern fiction, and it will be found in its strongest development in this ingenious and poetic tale. Published by W. Gottsberger, New York. For sale by Porter & Coates.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The March number of *The Quiver* opens with a paper entitled "A New Mission Field." Much profitable reading may be found in "How to Sanctify Marriage," by the Rev. Gordon Calthrop. Edward Garrett continues his papers on "The Salt of the Earth," in which he gives sympathetic sketches of some noble lives. Other articles are "The Transfigurations," "Clearing the Corners," "Some Remarkable Church Towers," "Promises for the Sorrowing," "Our Visit to Some Aged Pilgrims," "Plato," "A Sound-Minded Religion," besides serials, short stories, poetry, etc., with plenty of good illustrations. $1.50 a year. Cassell & Co., publishers, New York.

The thing that will strike the American reader the first in the *Magazine of Art*, for March, is a short paper called "Some Plain Words on American Taste in Art." The other articles are a carefully prepared paper on "current art," profusely illustrated. The studies in English costume are continued. There is a capital paper on "The Progress of English Art." There is one about Irish types. The most important paper of the number is the one on Auguste Rodin, by Claude Phillips. Rodin is the most-talked-of sculptor in France to-day, and the productions of his works given in this magazine show him to be a sculptor of unusual vigor and decided originality. The frontispiece of the number is a photogravure from James Bertrand's "Virginia," which portrays the dead body of Bernardin de St. Pierre's heroine washed up by the tide. And there is a page engraving after one of Parsons' landscapes. Altogether this March number is a good one. $3.00 a year. Cassell & Co., publishers, New York.

Cassell's Family Magazine for March opens with an installment of that spirited serial "Monica," or "Stronger than Death," which bids fair to outdistance some of its predecessors in popularity. "Some Cats of a Larger Growth" is a lively paper on tigers, by one who has lived among them in their jungles. The devoted sister who nursed her brother back to health through a case of typhoid fever, gives the conclusion of her experiences, which ought to be profitable reading to amateur nurses. The interesting "City of Shareefs" is described. The "Family Doctor" tells what he thinks of so-called tonics. "My Cookery Class and what I Taught It" is a thoroughly practical paper, and so is "A Family of Boys and how they were Started in Life." The two fashion letters are filled with their usual amount of early information from London and Paris. "The Gatherer" is unusually full, and among the novelties it reports is an "Electric Table Waiter." $1.50 a year. Cassell & Co., publishers, New York.

Lippincott's Magazine for March opens with a complete novel by Julia Magruder, "Honored in the Breach," which is full of a quiet, subdued interest with pleasant touches of humor and pathos. A remarkably clever article by Max O'Rell is entitled "From My Letter-Box," and presents a summary of the contents of anonymous and other letters received by the author of "John Bull and His Island" with humorous comments. "A Talk with a President's Son," the son being General John Tyler, now living in Washington, by Frank G. Carpenter, is full of historical interest in regard to the inner workings of the Tyler administration. The third instalment of Albion W. Tourgee's "With Gauge & Swallow" is sub-titled "A Retainer in Cupid's Court," and turns upon an interesting question of marriage or no-marriage. There are poems by Charles Henry Phelps, Charlotte Fiske Bates, W. H. Hayne, and Harrison S. Morris. The "One Hundred Prize Questions" are continued by a fresh instalment of twenty, and much curious and interesting information is conveyed in the editorial departments. Published by Lippincott & Co.

EARNEST LISTENER: "Now, Miss Brown, won't you play something for us?" Miss B.: "No, thank you; I'd rather hear Mr. Jones." E. L.: "So would I, but——" Here he was stopped by the expression on the young lady's face; and he looked confused for half an hour after she had indignantly turned and left him.

GENUINE cheerfulness is an almost certain index of an honest heart. Dyspepsia and genuine cheerfulness never go hand in hand, but Warner's Log Cabin Hops and Buchu Remedy will ensure you good digestion, the certain index of genuine cheerfulness and the honest heart.

WARNER'S Log Cabin Sarsaparilla Regulates the Regulator. Best blood purifier. Largest bottle in the market. Manufactured by the proprietors Warner's Safe Cure. Sold by all druggists.

WHEAT RAISING IN CHINA.

In the northern and middle parts of China, wheat raising is one of the principal industries of the farmers. The winter wheat is planted about the same time that wheat is planted here.

The soil, particularly in the northern provinces, is so well worn that it is especially unfitted for wheat growing, and the Chinese farmers, appreciating this fact, and also that all kinds of fertilizers are excessively dear, make the least manure do the most good by mixing the seedlings with finely prepared manure. A man with a bushel basket swung upon his shoulders follows the plow, and plants the mixture in large handfuls in the furrows, so that when the crop grows up in the fall it looks like young celery.

Immediately after the first melting of snow, and when the ground has become sufficiently hardened by frost, these wheat fields are turned into pastures, under the theory that, by a timely clipping of the tops of these plants by healthy animals, the crops will grow up in the spring with additional strength.

Wheat thrashing is the principal interest in Chinese farming. Owing to the scarcity of fuel, the wheat is piled up in sheaves, the same as is done here, and immediately carted to the "mien chong," a smoothed and hardened space of ground near the home of the farmer. The tops of the sheaves are then clipped off by a hand machine. The wheat is thus left in the "mien chong" to *dry*, while the headless sheaves are piled up in a heap on the *outside* of the "mien chong" for fuel or thatching.

When the wheat is thoroughly dry it is beaten under a great stone roller pulled by horses, while the places thus rolled over are constantly tossed about with pitchforks. The stalks left untouched by the roller are thoroughly thrashed with flails by women and boys.

The well beaten stalks and straws are then taken out by an ingenious manipulation of the pitchforks, and the chaff is removed by a systematic tossing of the golden grain into the air in shovelfuls until the wind has blown every particle of chaff or dust away.

Even the chaff is carefully swept up and stowed away for fuel or other useful purposes, such as stuffing mattresses, pillows, and for stable uses. After the wheat has been allowed to dry a few hours in the burning sun, it is stowed away in airy bamboo bins.

Wheat, in ordinary years, is worth in open market in northern China, about $1 per American bushel. The milling process is a very ancient one—two round, large bluestone wheels with grooves neatly cut in the face on one side, and in the centre of the lower a large wooden peg, are used.

The process of making flour out of wheat by this slow machinery is called "moh mien." Usually a horse or mule is employed. The poor, having no animals, grind the grain themselves.

Three distinct grades of flour are thus produced by this single grain. The "shou mien," or A grade, is the first siftings; the "nee mien," or second grade, is the grindings of the rough leavings from the first siftings, which is of a darker and redder color than the first grade; the last grade, or "mo D," is the finely ground last siftings of the other grades.

When bread is made from this last grade it resembles rough gingerbread. This is usually the food of the poorest families, who buy it at something like 20 cents a bushel.

The bread of the Chinese is usually fermented and then steamed. Only a very small quantity is baked in ovens. But the staple articles of food in northern China are corn, millet, and sweet potatoes. Wheat and rice are the food of the rich. In the southern provinces the entire breadstuff is rice.

A USEFUL TREE.—There is no tree that is so sure to grow without any care as the willow. A twig from a branch of the tree stuck into the moist earth, and the labor is completed. An article in a German contemporary recommends the cultivation of willow trees not only from an economical and industrial point of view, but also for hygienic purposes. They are especially useful where the drinking water is taken from fountains or natural wells, and still more where there are morasses and meadows; for in the vicinity of willow-trees water is always clear and pure. Let those who doubt this fact place a piece of willow which has not yet begun to strike, into a bottle of water, and place this within another bottle containing water only, in a warm room for eight days; in the first bottle will be found shoots and rootlets in clear water, while the other bottle will contain putrefying water. Holland is covered with willows, and their dam works are strengthened by the network formed by the roots.

"PAPA, do not drink to-night!" The words came in soft, pleading, tear-soaked tones, from the sweet, golden-haired innocent that grasped his hand beseechingly. A tear came into the father's eye. "Why not, my child?" he asked. "Because Alphonso will be here to-night, and if you come home blind, blazing, staggering drunk, smashing everything, you're going to scare him off, and plumbers' sons are not plentiful this season. That's the why."

THE less we deserve good fortune, the more we hope for it.

"Stop thief." Reader, don't *steal* one, but buy a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. 25c.

Rub the Salvation Oil in and you will rub the pain *out*. Get only the genuine. 25 cts.

STONE EATERS.—An old book, the "Artifical Changeling," published about the middle of the seventeenth century, makes mention of an extraordinary individual, Francis Battalia, who was credited with making his meals on stones, of which he would eat half a peck a day.

After a wonderful account, more or less apocryphal, of Battalia's childhood, such as his having been born with two stones in one hand and one stone in the other, and his having refused from the first all food with the exception of stones, the author goes on to speak of his appearance and peculiarities at the time he saw him, when he was thirty years of age.

"His manner," he says, "is to put three or four stones into a spoon, and so putting them into his mouth together he swallows them all down; then (first spitting) he drinks a glass of beer after them. He devours about half a peck of these stones every day, and when he chinks upon his stomach, or shakes his body, you may hear the stones rattle as if they were in a sack, all which in twenty-four hours are dissolved. He has attempted to eat bread and meat, broth and milk; but he could never brook any; neither would they stay with him to do him any good."

He spent some time as a soldier and sold his rations regularly.

Battalia has not the distinction of being the only stone eater known. Platerus mentions one who for a copper or two would swallow any stones given him, "though they were as big as walnuts." Father Paulian also speaks of a stone eater who was found on Good Friday, in 1757, in a northern inhabited island (not specified by name), by the crew of a Dutch ship, and conveyed to Avignon. He swallowed flints an inch and a half long, a full inch broad, and half an inch thick, and such stones as he could reduce to powder, such as marble, pebbles, etc., he made up into paste, which he ate with more gusto than an alderman eats turtle.

He was a veritable wild man of the woods. He was inordinately fond of brandy, tolerated wine, but would not touch bread; and his keeper had the greatest difficulty in making him eat raw flesh with his stones. He slept at least twelve hours a day, sitting invariably on the ground with one knee over the other. He smoked all the time he was not asleep or eating.

HOW A TRAGEDY WAS AVOIDED.—"You had a row with Grigsby to-day, I understand?" "Not much of a row, fortunately." "How did it occur?" "Why, he called me a horse thief, a swindler and numerous other disagreeable names." "What did you say?" "I told him that for two cents I would whip him." "Did he give you the money?" "No, he had nothing but a two-cent stamp and I never take stamps."

MAGISTRATE—"Had you ever saw this man before?" Witness—"Yes." "Had he came before you had went?" "No." "Is them your eggs what you say was stole?" "Yes." "Would you have recognised them if you had seen them before they were brung here?" "Yes; I would have knowed them." "Speak grammatic, young man; it ain't proper to say 'have knowed;' you should say, 'have knew.'"

FOUR prisoners who escaped from a Georgia jail successfully exerted their powers of persuasion over two bloodhounds that had been despatched in pursuit, and, after tying them together, added another to their list of thefts by carrying them off.

WANAMAKER'S.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 20, 1888.

DRESS GOODS HERE AND COMING, COMING. They are tumbling over each other, crowding, jostling to get where you can see and handle them. The Sateens and Ginghams, and the wilderness of other cotton stuffs and their royal relations, the India and China Silks, were never prettier or better. Often to the eye as if the flowers of May were peeping through the snows of January. Buds and blossoms and promise of sweets enough to almost set the bees honey-hunting. A chorus of color greets you as you turn around a sly corner; you have "found the end of the rainbow," cloud wreathed and posy decked.

The plain shades of silk, of wool, and of silk-and-wool mixtures are welcome by way of contrast.

One thousand and fifty-nine styles of Sateens, Shimmery, sheeny lustres and marvels of weave and printing. Peerless, 12½c; fine French, 31c; best French 37½c.

Five hundred and eighteen Styles Ginghams. Best American, 20c.; Anderson's, 40c.; Scotch Zephyr, 60c.

Plain Woolens, hundreds of styles in all the popular shades.

Serges 50c. to $1.25. Cords 62c to $1.
Diagonals 50c to $1.25. Poplins 75c to $1.25.
Billowy, white-capped Challis, 50 and 60c.
Soft, creamy Cashmeres 50c. to $1.25.
Wool Plaids, full of novelties, 75c. to $1.25.
Novelty Stripes and Plain Stripes, 50c. to $3.50.

And so on through the half-royal Silk Warps, the exquisite Habit Cloths and Broadcloths, the soft, hair-sprinkled Camel's-hair, and the Sturdy Shirtings or Percales (12½c). Mountain ranges of Flannels and Seersuckers and Muslins.

There is not such another gathering of Dress Stuffs between the oceans. Every sort is sensible, get-at-able. And the prices as proper as the stuffs.

JOHN WANAMAKER.
PHILADELPHIA.

THE INVALUABLE DOMESTIC REMEDY!

PHÉNOL SODIQUE.

Proprietors, HANCE BROTHERS & WHITE, Phila'a.

EXTERNALLY—for all kinds of injuries; relieving pain instantly, and rapidly healing the wounded parts.

Gives prompt and *permanent relief* in BURNS, SCALDS, CHILBLAINS, VENOMOUS STINGS, or BITES, CUTS and WOUNDS *of every description.*

INTERNALLY.—It is invaluable in CHOLERA, YELLOW, TYPHUS, TYPHOID, SCARLET, and other Fevers.

In NASAL CATARRH, *Fetid Discharges from the* EAR, OZÆNA, *Affections of the* ANTRUM, and CANCEROUS AFFECTIONS, *it is a boon to both Physician and Patient.*

For SICK-ROOMS, and all IMPURE and UNHEALTHY LOCALITIES, and to *prevent the spread of* CONTAGION, it is the best DISINFECTANT known.

For Sale by Druggists and General Merchandise Dealers

R. R. R. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

In from one to twenty minutes never fails to relieve PAIN with one thorough application. No matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the Rheumatic, Bedridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer, Radway's Ready Relief will afford instant ease. It instantly relieves and soon cures

Rheumatism,	**Neuralgia,**
Coughs,	**Colds,**
Cold in the Head,	**Sore Throat,**
Asthma,	**Bronchitis,**
Pneumonia,	**Sciatica,**
Headache,	**Inflammations,**
Toothache,	**Congestion.**

Strong Testimony from Honorable George Starr as to the Power of Radway's Ready Relief in a Case of Sciatic Rheumatism.

No. 2 VAN NESS PLACE, New York.
DR. RADWAY: With me your Relief has worked wonders. For the last three years I have had frequent and severe attacks of sciatica, sometimes extending from the lumbar regions to my ankles, and, at times, in both lower limbs.

During the time I have been afflicted I have tried almost all the remedies recommended by wise men and fools, hoping to find relief, but all proved to be failures.

I have tried various kinds of baths, manipulations, outward applications of liniments too numerous to mention, and prescriptions of the most eminent physicians, all of which failed to give me relief.

Last September, at the urgent request of a friend (who had been afflicted as myself), I was induced to try your remedy. I was then suffering fearfully with one of my old turns. To my surprise and delight the first application gave me ease, after bathing and rubbing the parts affected, leaving the limb in a warm glow, created by the Relief. In a short time the pain passed entirely away, although I have slight periodical attacks approaching a change of weather. I know now how to cure myself, and feel quite master of the situation. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is my friend. I never travel without a bottle in my valise. Yours truly,

GEO. STARR.

Radway's Ready Relief is a Cure for Every Pain, Sprains, Bruises, Pains in the Back, Chest or Limbs. It was the First and is the Only PAIN REMEDY

that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels or other glands or organs.

INTERNALLY, a half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will, in a few minutes, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Colic, Flatulency and all internal pains.

Malaria in Its Various Forms Cured and Prevented.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

R. R. R. not only cures the patient seized with Malaria, but if people exposed to the Malarial poison will every morning take 20 or 30 drops of Ready Relief in water, and eat, say a cracker, before going out, they will prevent attacks.

Travellers should always carry a bottle of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

Fifty cents per bottle. Sold by druggists.

DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT,

The Great Blood Purifier

For the cure of all chronic diseases, Chronic rheumatism, scrofulous complaints, etc., glandular swelling, hacking dry cough, cancerous affections, bleeding of the lungs, dyspepsia, water brash, white swellings, tumors, ulcers, hip disease, gout, dropsy, rickets, salt rheum, bronchitis, consumption, liver complaints, etc.

HEALTH! BEAUTY!

Pure blood makes sound flesh, strong bone and a clear skin. If you would have your flesh firm, your bones sound, and your complexion fair, use RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

The wonderful cures effected by the Sarsaparillian Resolvent; its powers over the kidneys in establishing a healthy secretion of urine, curing diabetes, inflammation or irritation of the bladder, albuminous or brick dust deposits or white sand, etc., establishing its character as A GREAT CONSTITUTIONAL REMEDY.

Sold by all druggists. One Dollar a bottle.

RADWAY'S PILLS,

The Great Liver and Stomach Remedy,

For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Costiveness, Indigestion, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury minerals, or deleterious drugs.

ERFECT DICESTION

Will be accomplished by taking one of Radway's Pills every morning about ten o'clock, as a dinner pill. By so doing

SICK HEADACHE

Dyspepsia, Foul Stomach, Biliousness will be avoided, and the food that is eaten contribute its nourishing properties for the support of the natural waste of the body.

Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, inward piles, fulness of the blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fulness or weight in the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering of the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs and sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above named disorders.

PRICE, 25 cents Per Box. Sold by all druggists.

Send a letter stamp to RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren street, New York.

Information worth thousands will be sent you

Humorous.

BY CHANCE.

They met by chance; a wayward Fate
Till then had kept them wide apart.
He had no thought of love or hate;
She hardly knew she had a heart.

They met by chance. The sinking sun
Cast lengthening shadows on the ground;
The long June day was nearly done;
The twilight dim was gathering round.

They met by chance; a fateful chance,
That brought them nearer—nearer still.
Each gave the other a startled glance;
Each felt a momentary thrill.

They met by chance. A swift, sharp pain
Unnerves them when they think of that.
They trust they'll never meet again—
The 'cyclist and the brindle cat!

—U. N. NONE.

Romantic death—A young lady drowned in tears.

Unprecedented trade announcement:—"The pig market was quiet."

A comb is somewhat like a man, because in its old age it loses its teeth and hair.

A little girl describes a snake as "a thing that's a tail all the way up to its head."

Poker is one of the few games where the less a fellow knows about the game the better his opponent likes it.

Why is a jack-o-lantern like a watch key?—Because there is a b in both. (This answer will fit any conundrum.).

Overheard at the circus. Old lady, before the hyena's cage: "Mariar! Mariar! do look here! a real live hygeia!"

Wife: "That man has been staring at me for 5 minutes." Husband: "Well, you wouldn't have known it if you hadn't kept your eyes on him."

"I 'clar', Mr. Shockum, 'f I didn't forgit to ax you to take off yo' hat! I'm axshally gittin' dat absen'-minded I hain't got common perliteness no mo'."

"He: "I declare, Miss Angeline, you treat me worse than your dog!" She: "Oh, Mr. de Mayzyus, how can you say so? I'm sure I never made the slightest difference between you!"

She, speaking of the responsibilities of matrimony: "Would you be afraid to marry on a thousand a year, Tom?" He: "Not a bit, if I could only find a girl with an income of that amount."

Doctor: "Who had been called to see a patient: "Do you wish to hear the truth?" Patient. "Certainly." D.: "You're not afraid to die?" P.: "Pshaw! Why, man, I've been married 25 years!"

"Jury," said a Western judge, "you kin go out and find a verdict. If you can't find one of your own, get the one the last jury used." The jury returned a verdict of "Suicide in the ninth degree."

"And do you really love me, George?" she asked. "Love you!" repeated George, fervently. "Why, while I was bidding you good-bye on the porch last night, dear, the dog bit a large piece out of the calf of my leg, and I never noticed it until I got home. Love you!"

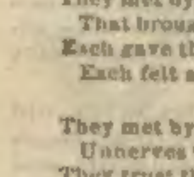
"Do you know," remarked the professor, "that dogs have been known to act strangely for several hours before an earthquake?" "I do," calmly answered the student. "And what do you infer from this fact?" continued the professor. "That they were strange dogs," replied the brave young man.

"Charley is coming to see me to-night," remarked Ella. "I don't know why I feel so nervous about it; but I have a presentiment that something is going to happen." "Oh, there's no use feeling nervous about it if you've made up your mind to do it," answered Clara; "very likely he'll say yes; he was always soft."

"When you call on sister Clara, Mr. Featherly," said Bobby, "you never stay later than 12 o'clock, do you?" "No, indeed, Bobby, and often not as late as that." "That's what pa said. He told ma that there was no danger of your ever staying any later than a quarter to 12 on Saturday nights, because the saloons close up at 12."

He was leaning against the lamppost and the watchful policeman came up very respectfully. "Fine night, Mr. Jones." "Beautiful." "You're out rather late, ain't you?" "No, no—about my usual time." "Are you waiting for somebody?" "No, no—goin' home. Little tired, that's all." "I'll walk down with you and see you to your door." "Thank you, thanks; but there's no need. Sh'other side of the street will be around this way in a moment, an' I'll pop in when my door comes along."

The young man had been trying to tell her how madly he loved her for over an hour, but couldn't pluck up the courage. "Excuse me a moment, Mr. Timid," she said, "I think I hear a ring at the telephone." And in her queenly way she swept into an adjoining room. Presently she returned, and then his mad passion found a voice. "I am sorry, Mr. P.," she said, "to cause you pain, but I am already engaged. Mr. Sampson, learning that you were here, has urged his suit through the telephone."



HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28

In use 20 years. The only successful remedy for

Nervous Debility, Vital Weakness,

and Prostration, from over-work or other causes. $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial powder, for $5. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS, or sent postpaid on receipt of price.—Humphreys' Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., N. Y.

$230 A MONTH. Agents Wanted, 20 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample Free. Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

$10 REAL VALUE FREE!

Our new stamping outfit is free to every reader of this publication; it contains 100 perforated stamping patterns and includes a great variety of all sizes that are wanted. This outfit is a real work of art; no stamping outfit has ever been offered heretofore, on which anything like so much artistic ability was brought to bear. With each outfit is a BOX of BEST STAMPING POWDER, PAD, AND BOOK of INSTRUCTIONS, giving full directions for stamping, how to make the powder and stamping paint, contains instructions for Lustre, Kensington and Hand painting, tells colors to use in painting—red, white, blue, yellow, pink and other flowers; also contains hints and instructions on other matters, too numerous to mention. Bought singly, or a few patterns at a time, at usual prices, the equal of the above would cost $10. Although it is free, yet this is the Regal Queen of Stamping Outfits and on every hand is acknowledged to be superior, yes, very much superior, and very much more desirable than those which have been selling for $1 each and upwards. By having 200,000 of these outfits made for us, during the dull season, we get them at first cost; the manufacturer was glad to take the order, at cost, that his help might be kept at work. All may depend that it is the very best, most artistic and in every way desirable outfit ever put before the public. Farm and Household (monthly, 16 large pages, 64 long columns, regular price 75 cents a year) is generally acknowledged to be the best general agricultural, housekeeping and family journal in America; it is entertaining and of greatest interest, as well as useful; its contributors embrace the widest range of brilliant talent. Furthermore, we have lately become managing owners of that grand monthly, Sunshine, for youth; also, for those of all ages whose hearts are not withered; 16 large pages, 64 long columns, regular price 75 cents a year. Sunshine is known favorably as the best youth's monthly in America. The best writers for youth, in the world, are its regular contributors, it is now quoted all over the world as standing at the head. Both papers are splendidly illustrated by the best artists. We will take 200,000 trial year subscribers at a price which gives us but a moderate portion of the cost.

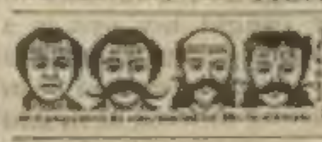
FREE! Furthermore, every trial year subscriber, for either of the papers will receive free by mail our new 100 pattern Stamping Outfit. Trial year subscriptions will be received for either of the papers as follows: 1 subscription and 1 outfit, 10 cents; 2 subscriptions and 2 outfits, if sent at one time, 15 cents; 4 subscriptions and 4 outfits, if sent at one time, $1. For $1 send a dollar bill, but for less, send 1-cent postage stamps. Better at once get three friends to join you, at 25 cents each; you can do it in a few minutes and they will thank you; papers will be mailed regularly to their separate addresses. While trial year subscribers are served for much less than cost, it proves the rule that a very large proportion of all who read either paper for a year, want it thereafter, and are willing to pay the regular price of 75 cents a year; through this, as time rolls on, we reap a profit that satisfies us.

FREE! The trial year subscriptions are almost free, and this the Regal Queen of Stamping Outfits—the best ever known—is entirely free. It is the greatest and best offer ever made to the public. Large sizes of patterns—every size that can be desired is included; all other outfits surpassed, by this, the best, the most artistic, the Regal Queen. Below we give a list of a few of the patterns; space is too valuable to admit of naming all: 1 Pansies for Scarf, 2 1-2 inch; 2 Tidy design, 2 1-2 inch; 3 Splendid Tinsel design, 4 inch; 4 Golden Rod, 4 inch; 5 Pond Lilies; 6 Pansies; 7 Moss Rose Buds; 8 Tube Roses; 9 Wheat; 10 Oak Leaves; 11 Maiden Hair Ferns; 12 Boy; 13 Girl's Head; 14 Bird; 15 Strawberries; 16 Owl; 17 Dog; 18 Butterfly; 19 Apple Blossoms; 20 Calla Lily; 21 Anchor; 22 Bowling Clubs; 23 Japanese Lilies; 24 Rabbit; 25 Bunch Forget-me-nots; 26 Fuchsias; 27 Bell Drops; 28 Fan; 29 Clown's Head; 30 Cat's Head. 70 other splendid patterns are included in this Regal Queen of stamping outfits—in all 100 patterns. Safe delivery guaranteed. Possessing this outfit any lady can, without expense, make home beautiful in many ways, can embroider children's and ladies' clothing in the most charming manner, and readily make money by doing stamping, Lustre, Kensington and Hand painting for others. A good stamping outfit is indispensable to every woman who cares to make home beautiful. This outfit contains patterns for each and every branch of needle work, flower painting, etc., and the Book of Instructions makes all clear and really easy. This outfit will do more for HOME and LADIES than many times the amount of a trial year subscription spent otherwise; no home should be without it. The beautiful designs of this REGAL QUEEN OF OUTFITS ARE ALL THE RAGE wherever seen; when ever one of two reach a locality their fame spreads, and many TRIAL YEAR subscriptions usually follow. Many who have paid from $1 to $2 for outfits and were satisfied until they saw our designs, have secured our outfit and laid aside forever the others. Those who subscribe will find the papers well worth several times the trifling cost of a trial year subscription, and the majority will make up to us the loss, that this year we incur, through such a low price, by continuing subscribers, year after year, at the regular price, which all will be willing to admit is low enough. The money will gladly be refunded to any one who is not fully satisfied. Address,

GEORGE STINSON & CO., BOX 302 PORTLAND, MAINE.

25 White Dove Hidden Name Card Samples and 100 New Scrap Pictures, 3c. S. M. Foote, Northford, Ct

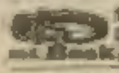
MUSIC ANY PERSON CAN PLAY the PIANO AND ORGAN without the aid of a teacher by using Soper's Instantaneous Guide to the Keys. No previous knowledge of music whatever required. Send for book of testimonials, FREE. Address SOPER MUSIC CO., Box 1487, NEW YORK, N. Y.



DYKE'S BEARD ELIXIR Smith Mfg. Co. Palatine, Ills.

1 Stone Ring, 1 Plain Ring, 100 Cards & Pictures, Fringe 10 Hidden Name &c., 125 Games, Songs and Agt's Book of 20 cards, 10c. IVY CARD Co., Clintonville, Conn.

50 CHROMO or 25 All Hidden Name CARDS, 10c. Sample Book 4c. Crown Pte. Co., Northford, Ct.



25 FLORAL CARDS 1 AUTOGRAPH ALBUM, 100 Games, Recipes, Sample Cards, Pictures, Ring and Book, 10c. T Card Co., Clintonville, Conn.

Odorless Frying-pan,

Warranted to cook ONIONS, Beefsteak, etc., without any *smell* or *fumes* escaping in the room. Liberal inducements; sells at sight. Agents wanted. MORGAN MFG. CO., Kalamazoo, Mich.

22 all hidden name and Silk Fringe Cards, with 34 page sample book, 10cts. 40 mixed, and Solid Silver Ring, 25cts, Clinton Bros., Clintonville, Conn.

SEE HERE! Why not save one half on 1000 useful articles? Send for Catalogue. Big pay to agents. CHICAGO SCALE CO., Chicago, Ill.

LADY AGENTS clear $150 monthly, selling our Celebrated MADAME DEAN'S SPINAL SUPPORTING CORSETS. No experience required. Exclusive territory given. Illustrated catalogue free. $3 SAMPLE FREE to Agents.

LEWIS SCHIELE & CO., 360 Broadway, New York.

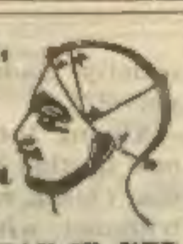
HELP WANTED. $25 a week and expenses paid. Steady work. New goods. Samples free. S. F. HILL & CO., Augusta, Me.

GOLD. You can live at home and make more money at work for us than at anything else in the world. Either sex; all ages. Costly outfit free. Terms FREE. Address, TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

GOLD WATCHES FREE

We will give to the First 100 persons telling us the Longest Verse in the Bible, before May 15th, the following valuable presents: To the first person giving the correct answer a Solid Gold Hunting Case Watch with Solid Gold Chain, worth $75; to the second a Solid Gold Chatelain Watch worth $50; to the third Solid Silver Hunting Case Watch worth $20; to each of the next 25 a Handsome Silver Nickel Watch (all stem winding and stem setting); and to each of the next 72 an Elegant Rolled Gold Finger Ring set with ten Turquois, ten Garnets or ten Perfect Rubies. With your answer send 25c. (stamps, postal-note or silver) for which we will send you our New Elegantly Illustrated Catalogue for 1887 and THE HOUSEHOLD PILOT, one of the best monthly publications in New England, for six months, which paper will announce the result of the contest. The above liberal offer is made solely to introduce our Catalogue into good homes, where, we feel sure, our goods will find a ready sale. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Yale Art Works, New Haven, Conn.

R. DOLLARD, 513 CHESTNUT ST., Philadelphia. Premier Artist IN HAIR.



Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

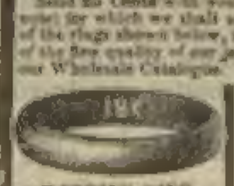
He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

WORTH SENDING FOR

Dr. J. H. SCHENCK has published A NEW AND ELABORATE BOOK on the Treatment and Cure of CONSUMPTION, LIVER COMPLAINT AND DYSPEPSIA which will be mailed FREE to all who want it. If you are, or know of any one who is, afflicted with, or liable to any of these diseases, send name and address (plainly written) to Dr. J. H. SCHENCK & SON, (Name this paper.) Philadelphia, Pa.

FREE! SOLID GOLD WATCHES! FREE TO ALL.

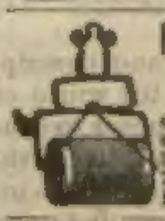
To introduce our goods and secure new customers, we make this liberal offer: We will give a Solid Gold Watch and Chain, lady's or gentleman's, worth $75, to the person telling us the longest verse in the Bible before March 15th. If there be more than one correct answer, the second will receive a handsome Solid Gold Watch, worth $50; the third a Solid Gold Chatelaine Watch, worth $40; the fourth will receive a Solid Gold Watch, worth $25; each of the next 20, if there be so many correct answers, will receive a Silver Nickel Swiss Watch, of excellent quality. Send 25 Cents with your answer (silver, stamps or postal note) for which we shall send you one of the rings shown below, as a sample of the fine quality of our jewelry. Also our Wholesale Catalogue. These rings are made of 14 k. rolled gold plate and warranted. Money refunded if you are not more than satisfied. Name paper.



WEDDING RING.

FLUTED BAND. Turquoise and Brilliant Setting.

Kurtland Bros. & Co., 79 Nassau St., New York.



NOVELTY SPOOL HOLDER, With Thread Cutter Attached.

Fastens to dress button while knitting, crocheting, or sewing. Made of silvered spring wire. Fits any size spool. Every lady needs it. Sample 10c. 7 for 25, dozen 75 cts. Stamps taken. Agents wanted. HOWARD MFG. CO., PROVIDENCE, R. I.

A Wonderful Offer FREE!

Gold Trimmed, Ivory Handled Knife and a Rolled Gold Ring Given You to introduce our New Cards for '87. Fifty Satin, Floral, Fringed, Embossed and Floral Cards, your name on each, and ALL the above articles for 25 cts. ART PRINTING CO., Wallingford, Ct.

CURE FOR THE DEAF

PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS Perfectly Restore the Hearing, and perform the work of the natural drum. Invisible, comfortable and always in position. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book with testimonials, FREE. Address or call on F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, New York. Mention this paper

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S

VEGETABLE COMPOUND

IS A POSITIVE CURE

For all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common among the

Ladies of the World.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and displacements, also Spinal Weakness and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

It will at all times, and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

For Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed. Correspondence freely answered. Address in confidence LYDIA E. PINKHAM, LYNN, MASS.

Lydia E. Pinkham's LIVER PILLS, cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cts per box.

—Sold by all Druggists.—

EDUCATIONAL.

PACKER INSTITUTE, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

Mrs. N. B. De Saussure, for five years Assistant to the Lady Principal at Vassar College, will open the house No. 171 Joralemon Street, for the benefit of young ladies wishing to attend the sessions of the Packer Collegiate Institute, on or after September 15th, 1887.

In addition to the most approved sanitary conditions, and all modern improvements in heating and ventilation, the house presents superior advantages of location, being directly opposite the Institute, and within a few minutes walk of the Academy of Music, Historical Society Hall, the Mercantile Library, and leading churches of all denominations.

All household arrangements will be specially adapted to the maintenance of a quiet, orderly home life, and the furtherance of such arrangements as parents may desire to make for securing to their daughters the musical and literary advantages of the city.

Mr. H. E. Arnold, the well known pianist, will conduct the musical education of the young ladies, where no other preference exists.

Terms, $500 per year, for board and tuition in any class of the Packer Institute: payable, $300 at the opening of the year, and $200 in the following March. No deductions will be made for absence from any other cause than protracted illness.

Music, practice periods, sittings in church and expenses of laundry, involve extra charges, which will in no case exceed cost. Sheets, pillow-cases, blankets and counterpanes furnished by each scholar.

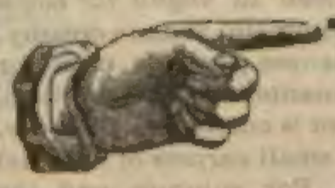
Mrs. De Saussure cites, by permission, the following

REFERENCES:

T. J. BACKUS, LL. D., Packer Collegiate Institute.
REV. EDWARD LATHROP, D. D., Stamford, Ct.
BENSON J. LOSSING, LL. D., Dover Plains, N. Y.
REV. J. RYLAND KENDRICK, LL. D., 66 Irving Place, N. Y.
Trustees of Vassar College.
MISS ABBY F. GOODSELL, Lady Principal of Vassar College.
PROF. MARIA MITCHELL, Vassar College.
PROF. W. B. DWIGHT, Vassar College.
PROF. L. C. COOLEY, Vassar College.
PROF. H. VAN INGEN, Vassar College.
MISSES BONNEY and DILLAYE, Ogonia, Pa.
REV. C. H. HALL, D. D., 197 Montague st., Brooklyn.
PROF. ROBERT RAYMOND, 123 Henry st., Brooklyn.
MR. WM. THAW, Pittsburgh, Pa.
HON. WADE HAMPTON, Washington, D. C.
MR. W. P. HALLIDAY, Cairo, Ill.
MR. H. L. HALLIDAY, Cairo, Ill.
MR. F. J. PELZER, Charlestown, South Carolina.

ONE PACK contains Fifty Floral Cards, One Pack Easter Cards, One Pack Premium Cards, One Pack Bird or Motto Cards, The Master Quartette, with pictures and name of each player, and Complete Game of Authors, One Dozen Cards, All for a 2-cent stamp. Eureka Card Works, Boston (Dept. 9).

941 HIDDEN NAME CARDS, with name, address, and the largest and finest sample book of cards ever sent out. All for a 2-cent stamp. Eureka Card Works, Boston (Dept. 9).



The Very Best Present

You can make a friend is a year's subscription to

The Saturday Evening Post.

It will cost you but ONE DOLLAR in addition to your own subscription of TWO DOLLARS.

WE SEND TWO COPIES ONE YEAR FOR THREE DOLLARS.

Latest Fashion Phases.

Plain black with very little ornamentation is the strict Lenten gown for the fair ones who go from one extreme to the other. They have danced and frolicked and worn gorgeous array for three or four months, and now must do penance.

It is said that the spring fashions will be remarkably rational. It is to be hoped that this will prove true. The skirts of dresses are to be scarcely draped at all. Very many will wear the plain round skirt.

Colored cloth will be quite the favored material, so thick, soft and smooth and shining as to resemble thick silk, and its lights and shades so harmonious as to recall the most beautiful glace plushes and velvets. This fine cloth clings closely to the figure, fitting like a glove, drapes beautifully, and will certainly be the success of the spring season. Many fancy woolen materials are attempting to rival it, but without success. Some, however, are exceedingly pretty.

A new style of vigogne has hairy stripes like fur. It makes excellent skirts, but cannot be used for tunics, for it is too thick and stiff for drapery.

Braiding looks remarkably well upon cloth. Very rich costumes and mantles are obtained by braiding a close pattern in in black over cloth of either a bright or light amber. With braided cloth fancy tissues striped with silk, plush or velvet are combined with great effect. The new Medici velvets are charming, forming wide stripes, some plain, others speckled in various colors. So are the phosphorescent moire velvets lovely with their brilliant changeful tints glinting sunshine on the crest of dancing waves.

Moire silks are also used much as underskirts, with tunics of cashmere, veiling or Sicilienne. A great success is the dolman cloth, which is covered with a pattern in relief simulating braid. This pattern, or rather this imitation of braiding, is formed of a sort of frizzy velvet over a plain ground. Very pretty jackets are made of this new style of cloth.

Elegant jackets are made of colored cloth, hussar blue, military red, capucine or snuff-colored. They are lined with silk to match, and trimmed with gold or silver braid.

The trotteur, or short costume for morning walks or shopping, is chiefly made of fancy-checked cloth of various shades of brown, with streaks of bright red, blue and yellow. The skirt has one deep plaited flounce, with stitched heading and short drapery. The amazon bodice, close and clinging, comes down a few inches below the waist and is buttoned down the front. The out-of-door jacket of the same material is lined throughout with fancy striped silk. It is tight-fitting at the back, with loose front; the neck is finished with a turn-down velvet collar and revers, and it is fastened with one double button only.

Costumes of plain cloth or cashmere have the skirt draped up at the side over a wide panel in braid work. The close-fitting amazon bodice has a narrow plaited plastron braided to match. More simple and less expensive costumes have the suit-colored skirt or tunic draped over a striped underskirt. The striped material is also used for trimming the bodice and sleeves.

Bodices of red faille or surah, finely plaited on to a plain shoulder-piece and fastened around the waist with a belt, are very fashionable for young ladies to wear with various skirts. It is called the Odette bodice.

The variety in hats and bonnets this season has never been exceeded. They run through wondrous grades of diminutive, medium, large, immense and grotesque sizes, and individual taste has unlimited scope, for there is much to choose from in the way of style, shape and adornment. The very popular "Peek-a-boo" bonnets grade from a tiny coquettish shape, having a little pent-house brim, to an exaggerated style like the old-fashioned calèche bonnet, suggestive of the grotesque head-dress worn by "Buttercup," of "Pinafore" fame. This large model is this season trimmed from the back of the hat, and there is frequently no garniture on the front except the wide band that surrounds the crown. ...ere are also innumerable styles in the ..., cottage, princess and other close ... bonnets, which are invariably ...by women of elegant tastes.

...nd hats are the Bismarck, the ...he Vivandiere, the Leonardo ...herwise called the Gainsborough, ...ulanger, the Princess of ...rge, elegant Jacques Coll... ... hat is completely cov... ...h plumes, and it is usually made of black or golden-brown velvet.

Among the trimmed hats exhibited, is one in this style made of shot or cafe-au-lait (black with terra cotta reflets) velvet, trimmed with gold lace and glittering jeweled pins, another with canaque or Caledonian plush adorned with sea birds. Another altogether different style, with a crushed-in crown and an upturned brim, is made of black velvet corded with scarlet. Around the crown is set a wreath of crimson velvet unmounted roses. A second hat of this shape is trimmed with garnet scarabs, mounted in gold, nestling in torsades of openwork silk etamine in broche patterns.

High English felt hats, with brims rolling close to the crown, called the Torquay and the Brighton, are severely plain in the matter of garniture, there being but two gray quill-feathers thrust through a stiff-repped ribbon bow at the left side. These hats are worn with tailor suits, and the cloth caps in jockey style are worn en suite with long coats closely fitted, made of plain, checked, or striped tweed, and trimmed with black fox or beaver. The caps are not decorated in any way.

Glossy beaver hats with velvet brims, are trimmed with Roman scarfs, shot velvet, or bronze and silver ornaments, mingled with loops of heavy moire ribbon.

Bonnets made of gray embroidery, silver, gold, steel or jet passementerie, are worn at the theatre. Small they are and perched up high on the head. They always have strings, which are tied under the chin or in a long bow pinned up tight on each side with all sorts of jewels. These bonnets are worn with the most elaborate and gayest open-neck evening dresses. Bonnets are discarded only for grand opera.

Feather fans rule the breeze. They are either gray or black tortoise shell.

Tea gowns of pale corn-colored or *sang de bœuf* China silk very much draped with black Spanish lace or Chantilly net are in high vogue. The brilliant shade of red thus veiled renders the grown becoming to both blonde and brunette.

Some of the new very elegant and expensive sash-ribbons are made into pretty fichus that cover the waist and shoulders almost entirely. The Persian brocaded sash-ribbons thus arranged much resemble the kerchiefs of the Swiss peasantry, only they are of rich silk instead of cotton. The sash is laid in close plaits on the shoulders, brought down and crossed below the chest in front, finishing with a large buckle that holds the ends. In the back there are loops and long ends falling from the fichu.

Some very lovely luncheon and tea-gowns for summer wear are already on exhibition. These are made of China silks figured with small but gay Watteau designs, flower-striped India silk muslins, real French-challies as fine and sheer as the most expensive veilings, and also soft-finished failles in plain shades of primrose, cresson green, mauve, apricot, tea rose, *eau de lait*, silver, fawn, bebe, blue or pale golden terra-cotta with olive accessories. These are fashioned in princess style and open broadly over petticoats of Persian silk net.

Stripes of every style, color and description still hold high place in the world of dress. More than this, they appear to constitute a typical peculiarity of the forthcoming modes for spring. Much of the ingenuity of the modiste is expended upon their novel distribution and in studying the best manner in which to vary familiar effects. One change is obtained by forming the stripes into a series of points on the front of the skirt, with perpendicular stripes at each side, with kilts of plain goods alternating. This method is effective without being intricate.

Odds and Ends.

NOVELTIES IN DECORATIONS.

[Concluded.]

An "ivory" room or hall is very fashionable and not difficult to arrange. White enamelling has been in vogue for some little time, but the new tint is more creamy. The old ivory Japanese paper is used for panels, jambs of mantel shelves and dado. Sometimes the floor is enamelled old ivory, and has rugs and small carpets of Oriental make laid on it. For summer and the country this has all a beautiful cool, clear appearance, but for winter and towns, what shall we say? But there is nothing like trying.

Screens, with white frames, for holding autotypes, etc., are often panelled with delicate old world-looking brocade of white, pale pink, and pale blue. A collection of Bartolozzi engravings are worthily set off in this coloring, though they also look extremely well in olive-green or deep terra cotta.

An effective way of framing photographs of places, groups, or pictures is to cut a frame in cardboard, with a margin of three inches; cover it with velveteen by cutting it half an inch wider all round, turning over the edges, and glueing them down at the back. Then take another piece of cardboard, paste on a piece of satin paper, such as blotting covers are lined with, on one side, and some cheap material on the other, and glue the two pieces of cardboard together except at the top, where the photo slips in, pressing them under a heavy weight for some time.

The second piece of cardboard forms the back of the frame, so, of course, has no aperture cut in it. The white satin paper side shows when no photograph is in the frame, as in an ordinary bought one. Two gilt rings must be sewn on to the back, to suspend the frame, or a tolerably wide ribbon can be added, with a bow. These frames are quickly and inexpensively made, can be adapted to any sized photograph, and are effective for ornamenting rooms, at home or when traveling. Glass can be added if wished, by glueing it to the back of the velveteen covered piece of cardboard, and adding a slip of paper all round to secure it, then fastening the whole together and well pressing it. But these frames are more useful without glass. Liquid glue is the best to use.

Imitation hatchets, or tomahawks, made in wood, with the handles covered with plush, and four (or more) gilt hooks fixed in, are novelties for holding keys. They are suspended by a ribbon tied round the two ends of the handle. Any handy carpenter will make the hatchets, from a design, or sight of an original one.

Kettledrum tables are novel for tea in drawing-rooms; they are in imitation of the military drum.

Garden baskets of wood can be most effectively ornamented with leather work, and afterwards painted brown and varnished; they look exactly like carved oak; a spray of flowers ornaments the sides and leaves and tendrils are carried over the stalk.

Many ladies still do the work, so may like to know of this adaptation of it. We allude to the wooden baskets of a long shape, with rounded ends and handles, sold at toy shops for children's seaside use and for garden use.

Drain pipes, painted some color, with enamel paint, stand in the corners of some rooms, with river grasses and bulrushes arranged in them, reaching to the ceiling and graduated in height. An erection of this kind recently caught my eye, in a country drawing-room, and measured eight feet in height. The hostess had been nearly all the morning at work at it, and put in each stalk separately; the housemaid was not allowed to touch it, except at distant periods, when a dusting was considered absolutely necessary.

At a dance, recently given, the temporary ball-room was made attractive by a deep dado of rich brick-red patterned art muslin, looped up at distances by palm leaf fans, put sideways, with the handles slanting downwards. The mantelshelf and door were decorated to match. The palm-leaf fans were alternately self-colored and painted brick-red.

Sprays of ivy were trailed over the drapery of the mantelshelf and over the door. The fans on the mantelshelf had satin bows tied round the handles. A quaint fancy is to buy a quantity of Japanese paper fans with bamboo handles, paint them different colors and arrange them on a shelf at the top of the dado running round a room. They are placed at some little distance from each other, among photos and pottery, and, if well harmonized, are bright and effective in an ordinary-sized room. They are much used now for catching up the cheap art muslin hangings for impromptu entertainments.

QUARRELS.—What absurd little things people quarrel about! What trivial matters cause ill-feeling in families! The mutton being roasted too little or the beef too much, an opinion about the temperature of the house or the style of curtains that ought to be bought for the front windows, the definition of a word or its pronunciation, are not topics worth a quarrel when peace and goodwill are of so much importance in the home. A little ill-feeling is like a little seed that may grow into a large tree which will shadow the whole house. Many a man and woman must look back with regret on the hasty word or the cold reproach which was the entering wedge that split a household in two; and yet how few make a point of uttering the soft word that turneth away wrath!

Confidential Correspondents.

IOWA.—We know nothing of the firm you mention.

BEST.—There is no anthracite coal mined in Canada. The Pennsylvania anthracite coal fields are the most extensive in the world.

R. E. A.—"Near-side" means the left side; "off-side" the right side. The expressions were no doubt suggested by the circumstance that a horse is mounted from the left side, which is then the near-side.

DOUBLEDEE.—Jurors are selected by lot. There is no way of explaining why it is that one person's name may be drawn several times while another is not drawn at all. Lotteries are proverbially uncertain.

SUTLER.—Send to some dealer in old coins. We do not give the address of business houses in this column. If you know of no such dealer, send a postal to us addressed to yourself, and we will give you the needed information.

SAM.—You are highly complimentary in crediting us with knowing all about the mysteries of the conjurer's art. We greatly regret that we cannot justify your high estimate of our acquirements, but we never professed to know everything.

HARRY.—If you have good imitative powers, it is, no doubt, possible for you to become a ventriloquist, after reading one of the books you mention. Ventriloquism is simply a trick, and does not depend upon any peculiarity in the vocal organs.

JOHN B.—Your sight is evidently weak, as evidenced by the aching when exposed to strong light, the weakness of the eyes when used for a long-sound period, and especially the fact that your troubles are increasing. You had better have proper glasses fitted without delay, and, if possible, under the supervision of an oculist.

BUFFALO.—In some cases smoking is no doubt an injurious habit. But it should be condemned with discrimination. There are cases, we believe, in which a strictly moderate use of tobacco is beneficial. Asthmatic persons, for instance, get relief from it, and a single pipe at night after mental exertion has the effect of soothing the brain and preparing it for sleep. You may also urge, in your debate, that smoking does some physical good by saving people with no minds from ennui, and by assisting people with minds to give their brains rest.

LINSEY.—"Volapuk," meaning "world's language," is a system devised by M. Schleyer, a German polyglot. The roots of the words have been borrowed from all the languages of Europe, but principally from the English and German. Each letter has but one and the same sound, words are always written as they are pronounced and pronounced as they are written, and the accent is always put on the last syllable. The grammar has only a single conjugation, no artificial genders and no irregular verbs. There are many disciples of Volapuk in Europe and this country.

ECCLES.—An Agnostic is literally one who does not know, that is, one who believes that we have no faculties for determining the existence of an unseen world, or of beings higher than man. There may be, he holds, such a world and such beings, but their existence cannot be proved. The word "theist" is used in two different senses—to differentiate from an atheist one who believes in God, and to distinguish one who believes in God, but rejects all the supernatural elements of Christianity, from the ordinary Christian. Secularism is a system which bases morality purely upon nature, apart altogether from religious sanctions, which are regarded as fictitious.

EYE-KEY.—The illusion you speak of is commonly known as the speaking head or sphinx, and is really very simple. A table with three legs placed at equal distances, so that they form an exact triangle, is required. Two sheets of looking-glass are inserted between the legs so that they fill up the entire space. The table is then placed on a slight dais or platform, with the central leg fronting the audience. The mirrors only reflect objects at the plane of their angles, and if the side curtains are of the same color as those at the back of the table, it is obvious that the reflection only is seen in such a position as to give the impression that there is nothing under the table. The confederate is concealed behind the mirrors, who places his head in a mysterious box or part of his body through an opening made in the table top, which is carefully hidden by folds of drapery or a hollow pedestal.

A. J. P.—The Princeites were the followers of Henry James Prince, an Evangelical clergyman, born in 1811, who about 1840 established a sect which believed that he was the personification of the Third Person in the Trinity, and that this was the beginning of a new dispensation to supersede that of Christ. Prince studied at Lampeter College, England, and after his license to preach had been twice withdrawn—in Somersetshire and in Suffolk—his Lampeter friends met together at Swansea, and founded at Weymouth a community calling themselves the Agapemone, or Abode of Love. Many rich ladies joined the sect, and Prince became possessed of great wealth, with which he and his followers lived in luxury, making no attempt to gain fresh converts. There were gross moral scandals in connection with the man, having reference to pretensions too revolting for statement in a living language.

BOLWER.—The reference is to the Iron Crown. During the Middle Ages this was the subject of much interest and superstition. It was a crown of gold, having inside it a ring of iron, which was said to have been forged from the nails of Christ's cross, and it was made by order of Princess Theodelinda from her husband, Agilulf, King of the Lombards, in the year 591. The crown was afterwards given by the queen to the church at Monza. Charlemagne used this iron crown at the ceremony of his coronation, and after him all the emperors who were also kings of Lombardy made similar use of it. Napoleon I., it is said, when at Milan in 1805, put this crown on his head, saying, "God has given it to me; woe to him who shall touch it." The "Great Woodman of Europe," as Victor Hugo called Napoleon, founded the Order of the Iron Crown, which still exists in Austria. It fell into disuse after Napoleon's time, but was revived by Francis I. in 1815, and is now regarded as a high honor in Austria. The Iron Crown was taken by the Austrians to Vienna in 1859, but was presented to the King of Italy in 1866, and is now among the royal treasures in Naples.